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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S NEW ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

In consequence of the war, and in response to urgent requests from many engaged on active service at home and abroad, the final date for sending in MSS. for this Competition has been extended to March 31st, 1916. Full particulars of the Competition may be had post free on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, London, E.C. We hope to announce next month the results of their £1000 Colonial Prize Novel Competition.

The picture of Nietzsche on our cover, and two other of our illustrations are reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. Heinemann, from "The Lonely Nietzsche," by Frau Forster-Nietzsche, which is reviewed in this Number.

The portrait of Nietzsche on page 177 is reproduced from Mrs. Havelock Ellis's admirable study of "Three Modern Seers," by permission of Messrs. Stanley Paul who publish the book. Mrs. Ellis's seers are James Hinton, Edward Carpenter and Nietzsche, and, like Mr. George Sampson, who writes the brilliant article on Nietzsche in this number, she finds much that is good in the sombre German's philosophy. For ourselves, we subscribe to very little of the Nietzschean gospel. What abiding force has there ever been in the swaggering self-assertiveness that pushes the weak to the wall? The humanising influence of Elia, one of the gentlest and weakest of men, has been and will be of more potent service to civilisation than the passing influence of a Bismarck. The real gods walk among us like men—they can afford to do so. And, after all, Christ conquered more of the world by dying for it than any bullying superman ever has done by fire and slaughter. Mrs. Ellis shrewdly remarks that the philosophy of Nietzsche "is not warm or rich enough to subdue the hearts of women and nerve the souls of men, except in their fleeting moods."

Four more volumes just added to Messrs. Macmillan's beautifully produced, handy-sized new edition of Kipling's prose works ("The Service Kipling"), are "Many Inventions," and "The Naulahka," each in two volumes.

It is gratifying to learn, in such times as these, that Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's latest book of poems, "Daily Bread," is in its fourth edition. A new edition of his "Fires" has just been issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews, the three books now appearing in one volume.

Mr. J. D. Beresford has written a book on "H. G. Wells," which will be published as the first volume in Messrs. Nisbet's new "Writers of the Day" series.

In some excellent verses on "Burns and the War," in the *Bonnybridge Herald*, Mr. W. P. Gillespie reminds us that when Napoleon was threatening to invade England,

> "Ye'll mind Burns quick did volunteer,"

and urges us to follow the bard's example:

> "And sae let us wi' speed be found
> Wi' comrades on the training ground,
> And thus—let Burns's words resound:
> 'Arise the while
> And stand, a wall of fire, around
> This much-loved isle.'"

A distinguished novelist who has enlisted and is at the front, writes to us, "We are doing well, but need all the men we can get," and he urges that there are still robust young journalists and sturdy writers of fiction who would be far better employed in the trenches than in Fleet Street or at home at their desks just now. This may be true, but it is to the credit of the literary profession that no small number of authors and journalists were as prompt to volunteer as Burns was. We are compiling a special Roll of Honour recording the names of these men, and hope to publish it as soon as we have been able to make it fairly complete,

---

"Songs of Brittany," by Theodore Botrel. Done into English by George E. Morrison, with a foreword by Edgar Preston, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elkin Mathews. So far, Botrel has remained almost unknown in this country, but in France he has long been recognised as one of the truest of her living poets and a sort of "uncrowned king of Brittany." Mr. Morrison has been moved in good time to translate some of Botrel's most characteristic songs, and from two articles recently contributed by the translator to the *Morning Post* and *T.P.'s Weekly*, we learn something of Botrel's delightful personality. Born in Dinan, in 1868, he comes of a long line of blacksmiths; has himself worked at the forge, was apprenticed to a lapidary, then became secretary to a senator, broke down in health during his military training, and for many years worked as a clerk on the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway. He used to sing his own songs at the *Chat Noir*, and frequently wrote the music for them himself. His books of "Sailors' Songs," "Soldiers' Songs," "Children's Songs" are popular all over France; he has written a good many plays, one of which was crowned by the French Academy. For several years now he has carried on in Paris the important publishing house called after the magazine it issues, *La Bonne Chanson*. He spends the summers at his home near Pont Aven, where he and his charming wife delight to preside over the *Pardons* and other ancient Breton fêtes and ceremonies. Now he is at the front and sings his own songs—not war songs, but songs of peace and love and home—to the French soldiers in the trenches.

Photo by F. Belval, Reims. **Theodore Botrel.**

Mr. Patrick MacGill,
whose new book, "The Rat Pit," Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing. Mr. MacGill has enlisted in the London Irish Regiment, and is in training at St. Albans.

Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) who died at Richmond on the 4th of last month at the age of seventy-eight, became a popular novelist in the great days when Dickens was still living and working. Her third novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," was published in 1862, and had the resounding sensational success that does not come to more than about one novel in a decade. The list of her books runs to between seventy and eighty, and their vogue has been as large in America as it has been in this country. For over fifty years she held her ground among popular novelists — a very notable achievement—and there was no falling off in the sound quality of her work. Many good judges consider that "The Green Curtain," one of her latest stories, is also one of her best. She had completed another novel only a fortnight before her death. The author of "The Guarded Flame," "The Ragged Messenger," and "Vivien," Lieut. W. B. Maxwell, is her son.

Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell).

"Brunel's Tower," a new novel by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, will be published on the 3rd inst. by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Cope-Cornford is writing for Messrs. Dents' Wayfarers Library a series of books under the general title of "The Story of the Regiments of the British Army." The first of these, "The Black Watch," will be published almost immediately.

"A Prince of India," a novel by Mr. Laurence Clarke, will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is a romance of adventure in which a Maharajah, a young lady, and a Foreign Office clerk are involved, and has the splendour of Indian Court life and Indian scenery for a background.

Mr. Clive Holland is lecturing all over England and Scotland on behalf of the Belgian War Refugees Funds. His subject is "The Belgian People: their Cities and Homes." He speaks from first-hand knowledge, as one may have gathered from his many magazine and newspaper articles on Belgium, and his book, "The Belgians at Home."

Photo by W. Watson, Hull

Little Black House Farm, Beverley, Yorkshire.

Miss Braddon was living here as governess when, in the early 'sixties, she wrote her first novel, "Three Times Dead."

From an interesting symposium in a recent Number of *Public Opinion* it would seem that any publisher who imagines the public have left off reading everything but newspapers is making a mistake. Books about the War are largely favoured, but in addition to

rather than in place of more general literature. Among the nine contributors to the symposium five volumes of poetry are being read—and not War poetry either.

Under the title of "Germany in the Nineteenth Century," Messrs. Longmans and the Manchester University Press have published a second series of lectures by A. S. Peake, B. Bosanquet, and F. Bonavia on Germany's contributions to Theology, Philosophy, and Music during last century.

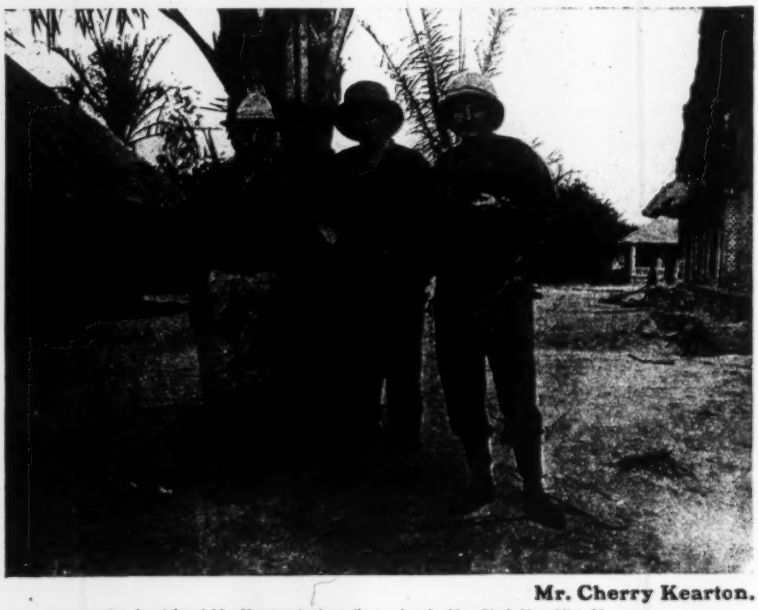
Messrs. Harper and Brothers are publishing a book on "The American Girl," by Miss Anne Morgan, the daughter of the great financier.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, the Nature story writer, has been promoted captain in the 16th King's Regiment. He joined as lieutenant in December last, having previously been a private in the Legion of Frontiersmen.

Chambers' Journal has a notable record for the discovery of new writers who have gone on to make a noise in the world. Mr. John Foster, whose new novel, "The Bright Eyes of Danger," began its serial appearance in the *Journal* last January, has already contributed many stories of the North Country to its pages. He is Sheriff-Clerk of Morayshire, and part of his new tale is laid on the seaboard of that province. He contributed some war verses last year to the *Cornhill*, "Civis Romanus Sum," which have been widely used at Recruiting Meetings.

Photo by M. Tyrrell. **Mr. John Foster.**

"Through Central Africa," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing shortly, is a record of the seventeen-thousand-mile journey afoot made by Mr. Cherry Kearton and Mr. James Barnes from one side of Africa to the other. Most of the pictures procured by the expedition were taken under the wildest conditions, and include the first moving pictures ever taken of lions in the wild in the act of roaring; photographs of herds of gazelles, giraffes, and mixed game drinking at water-holes, and a snap-shot made at close quarters of a rhinoceros asleep. One photograph that the travellers are especially proud of is of some members of a race of cannibal pigmies. Mr. Barnes, who has written the book, is a well-known journalist who spent nineteen months as correspondent to leading American papers during the Boer War, and has had a good deal of experience in South American revolutions. It will be illustrated with reproductions of over a hundred and sixty of Mr. Kearton's photographs.



Mr. Cherry Kearton.

On the right of Mr. Kearton is the collector for the New York Nat. Hist. Museum and on his left is Mr. James Barnes.

Mr. Charles H. Luke, a well-known Manchester journalist and business expert, has written a book on "The War and the Parting of the Ways," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing. It deals with the changes in our commercial system that will necessarily take place after the war. Mr. Luke, as his name suggests, is a Cornishman, and was born at Scorrier between forty and fifty years ago. He spent some years in Canada and the United States, during part of which time he was mining for gold in Colorado. Returning to England in 1888, he became director of the *Engineering Review*, but resigned that appointment in 1913 in order to devote himself to the organisation of exhibitions, and has organised Shipping, Engineering, Machining, Ironmongery, Colliery, Grocery, Bakery and other Exhibitions, was the joint manager of the Great Engineering Exhibition held at Olympia in 1912, and occupies a similar position in the Shipping Engineering and Mining Exhibition to be held this year. Mr. Luke is a Member of the Institute of Journalists and of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. C. H. Luke.

Now that the streets are darkened, and the hours of pleasure curtailed, there is little amusement or profit to be gained from a night in town. The wise man will do the next best thing; he will go home and revive old memories by reading. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Thomas Burke's new book, "Nights in Town," which Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing very shortly, is the right book at the right moment. In it the author covers every typical night of every typical Londoner; and he covers not only the London of entertainment and relaxation, but also the nights of all the foreign quarters. The chapters are interspersed with many London songs which have appeared in various reviews and magazines. Mr. Thomas Burke is the editor of about a dozen anthologies, and the author of a volume of queer stories of the Chinese quarter, called "Limehouse Nights." He sold his first short story at sixteen.

A book that will be looked for with special interest is "The Life of Laone Falconer," by Evelyn March Phillips, which Messrs. Nisbet are publishing. The reputation of Laone Falconer rests upon two books, "Mademoiselle Ixe," and "Cecilia de Noel," more especially on the first. There is something in the unique charm of her style, the strength and shyness of her personality, and the sadness of her story that inevitably remind one of the author of "The Roadmender." Her own letters and diaries form the basis of the more intimate portions of Miss Phillips's book.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **Miss March Phillips.**

Mr. J. P. Collins who for many years past has been chief of the reviewing staff on the *Pall Mall Gazette* has resigned that post in order to undertake the management of the Literary Agency of London, in succession to the late Mr. C. F. Cazenove. We cordially wish Mr. Collins every success in this new undertaking.

Photo by Adelphi Studios **Mr. Thomas Burke.**

New War Books of last month are:

"Héros!" Episodes de la Grande Guerre. By M. Butts. This is a carefully, very interestingly written record of the war from the French standpoint, tells of the mobilisation of the French Army, and gives a stirring account of the coming of the British troops, stories of heroism and cheerfulness in the French trenches, of the work of the aviators and the navy, and of how the civilians have borne themselves and what they have suffered. It has forty illustrations by F. Bovard, and eight portraits. 8fr. 50. (Paris: Payot et Cie.)

Mr. Eric Leadbitter,
whose novel, "Rain Before Seven" (Allen & Unwin), is reviewed in this Number.

"With the French Eastern Army." By W. E. Grey. *Daily Telegraph* War Books. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Welsh Regiments." By Hon. John W. Fortescue. 1d. (Macmillan.)

"The Russian Problem." By Paul Vinogradoff. 1s. net. (Constable.)

"Official Book of the German Atrocities. Told by Victims and Eye-Witnesses." 1s. net. (Pearson.)

"The Sad Experiences of Big and Little Willie." As portrayed by W. K. Haselden. 1s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"German Spies in England." By William Le Queux. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"La Marseillaise" and "La Brabanconne." By Tinsley Pratt. New translations of the National Anthems of France and Belgium, with an account of their authors. 6d. net. (Sherrat & Hughes.)

"The Gentle Cultured German." By J. B. Booth. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

"The British Navy: Its Making and its Meaning." By Ernest Protheroe. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

"Belgium in War." By J. H. Whitehouse, M.P. 1s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

"Stories of the Kaiser and His Ancestors." By Clare Jerrold. 2s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Anglo-German Problem." By Charles Sarolea. New Edition. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

"Why America Should Join the Allies." By Theodore Roosevelt. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

"A Chant of Affection, and other War Verses." By T. W. H. Crosland. 6d. (Published at The Marygold, 8, Gloucester Mansions, W.C.)

"Thou Art the Man." By Sidney Dark. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

"The Invasion of England." By Howard D'Egville. With an Introduction by Lord Sydenham. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The World in Alliance. A Plan for Preventing Future Wars." By Frank Noel Keen. 1s. net. (Southwood & Co.)

"Why the Nations are at War." By Charles Morris and Lawrence H. Dawson. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

"An Alphabet of the War." Reprinted from *Punch* Almanack, 1915. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"Practical Warfare." On Armies and Navies in Action. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"When Blood is Their Argument." 2s. 6d. net. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Voice of an Empire." Messages from the King and leading rulers and statesmen of all parts of the Empire. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"The Track of the War." By R. Scott Liddell. A vivid account of an adventurous journey in the track of the Huns through devastated Belgium. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Simpkin Marshall.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

BY PHILIP S. WELLBY, M.A.

"THE outward history of man is comparable to a book of cuttings and commonplaces, but his inward history to a most secret and intimate journal." This aphorism focuses the difficulty of presenting a comprehensive view of any individual, but in the case of an author it will generally be found that he is best left to draw his own portrait in his own writings. In the domain of modern letters Arthur Edward Waite has a unique position, and his literary record is a remarkable one. Some forty volumes bear his name either as

author, translator, or editor, apart from his voluminous contributions to journalism extending over a period of thirty years.

His first published volume was a highly mystical poem entitled "Israfel," an allegory of human perfection, which appeared in 1886. Poetry was his dedication from the beginning and has continued to claim him throughout his life, but the study of Mysticism and its connections took him in many directions, including investigations as to the historical side of Occultism, and the Institutions of Freemasonry, and thence to the unravelling of the Secret Tradition underlying and interwoven with the mass of literature classified under such apparently divergent heads as Rosicrucianism, Alchemy, Kabalism, and the Graal legends. In pursuit of these byways of Philosophy he has drawn after him a following of students peculiarly his own, and in each of these categories his work has been that of an interpreter, based on an intimate knowledge of the sources and texts concerned. He was the first to give a sane and evidential account of the Rosicrucians, and to English students his name will ever be inseparably connected with Alchemy seeing that the most famous works of the Ancient Masters of the Royal Art have appeared in translation under his editorial supervision. "The Hermetic Museum" in two volumes, and "The Hermetical Writings of Paracelsus" are the most notable of these.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **A. E. Waite.**

It is interesting to remember that Mr. Waite advanced boldly into these almost unheard of literary regions long before there was evidence of any 'general interest' as to what they might contain; and from a glance at the list of titles of the volumes mentioned above the reader will easily appreciate the author's grateful astonishment that he once recorded in the expression "God has always raised me up a publisher." In such an adventurous spirit Mr. Waite's paternal ancestor sailed with the earliest pioneer settlers to Connecticut. Urged by a similar questing impulse his father became a sailor and lost his life at sea. Coming with his mother to England from Brooklyn, New York, at an early age, Mr. Waite led the life of an intellectual recluse, and in literature as in life, it may be asserted that he has never had a model, and never had a master. This fact is of value in that it explains the strength as well as the weakness of his literary style, his work as a translator, and his use of rhyme, metre, and rhythm as a poet. In a book of aphorisms "Steps to the Crown" (1907), he suggests that "by avoiding the study of good models we succeed occasionally in acquiring our own individual accent." It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Waite deliberately avoided models, good or bad, but rather that he took to writing incontinently, as a baby to the bottle, in a moment of unanalysed necessity, and the individual accent evolved thereafter in natural sequence. In the days of his youth Arthur Waite wandered at random and in solitude over the stretches of coast near the better known seaside towns in Southern England, and in these open spaces between sea and sky drew inspiration from nature in many moods, and pondered upon the things of the spirit which is in man. From a certain bookseller in Deal he obtained some of the works of Eliphas Lévi, the Abbé Constant, best known of the modern French Occultists, and later translated and published in English "The Ritual and Dogma of Transcendental Magic" and the "History of Magic" by that brilliant and imaginative writer.

Later, yielding to the increasing pressure of material exigencies, he entered upon a period during which he devoted his energies to the intricacies of Commerce, and for some time managed an industrial business of world-wide fame from an office in Farringdon Street. As may be imagined, the routine of an office could not entirely absorb a mind naturally detached from the daily transactions of the market place, and the pages of a defunct periodical entitled *Horlick's Magazine* are a lasting monument to the possibilities of literature and philosophy, as accessories to the value of advertisement. In regard to this venture, Mr. Waite's attitude stands in vivid contrast to that of the business man whom he has described, who when offered eternal life replied that he had already too many affairs on hand. Elsewhere he has expressed his belief that "Mortal Life is not inconsiderable as an adjunct of Eternity."

After a few years of City life the call to seclusion and letters became increasingly urgent, and at the request of the writer of this sketch Mr. Waite undertook the translation of De Senancourt's wonderful volume of letters, "Obermann," which he rendered into living words, a satisfying vindication of his theory of translation that it should be "literal according to the spirit," and "a genius of interpretation in respect of verbal formulæ."

This quality of his work as translator is observed to further advantage in one of his later works, "The Secret Doctrine in Israel," a critical study of the great French translation of the Sepher Ha Zohar (the Book of Splendour). In his remarkable digest of Jewish Mysticism as expressed in this vast storehouse of Rabbinical tradition, Mr. Waite presents us with his conclusions, not as a Jewish Rabbi, or Hebrew etymologist, but as one seeing with the Catholic eyes of Mysticism.

Certain fundamental tenets are to be traced throughout his works, which may perhaps be usefully noted here.

He clearly shows the distinction between that which is embraced under the term "The Occult Sciences," and Mysticism. The first, in his view, is concerned with a search after phenomena having a minimum of fact as its basis upon which is superposed a mountain of pretence, imposture, and delusion; the second being the life of God declared in the heart of man, moving from that point at which faith begins to pass into experience. Mysticism is to him no vague term covering the eccentricities of emotion or devotion, but something which belongs to the inner sanctuary of the life of the spirit.

Again, he repeatedly affirms that every path of experience may be of value, and the light can shine steadfastly in the tavern as in the shrine. In every relationship of man to man, and in all branches of human activity, even though the face be not always set towards Jerusalem, the door may open to admit us to a place of prospect and advancement: "We may open many doorways in our eagerness, and by a fatality, as it sometimes happens, we open that door which looks direct into the void"—but for him who has journeyed far enough to weigh the value of one experience with another, he holds that "there is but one door, and it is that of Christ, by which only we can enter into the secrets of the Godhead." These are the high tidings of eternal life proclaimed again and again in his mystical writings, the term of rest in faith, and in the inward meaning of that doctrine, so open and yet so secret, of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. An interesting parallel might be drawn from this enunciation of Mr. Waite's creed with that contained in "The Vanity of Arts and Sciences" by the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa, author of many works on Occult Philosophy in the sixteenth century. The mission of both writers was to expound the mysteries of Nature and the soul of man in the light of the researches of their day and generation, and both were equally entitled by their erudition and labours in this field of knowledge to speak with authority to their fellow-students. Then, as now, in our author's words "thought moved, like external science through a world of mystery, and the Christ-light moved through the mist-light filling the bounds of sense with the shapes and symbols of vision." Though the world remains and is likely yet to remain a world of mystery, "it is as if," he writes, "we were in the position of Perceval, according to the High History of The Holy Graal—as if we had failed only on account of 'one little question.' We go on, therefore, sadly enough and slowly, yet in a sense we are haunted men with a voice saying ever and again in our ears, 'Ask and ye shall receive'; for the true question is written and the answer thereof."

In the Graal legends, in the works of the Hermetic sages, in Kabalism, in the great craft legends of Masonry, and in the sacramental liturgies of the official churches, the same story of loss is everywhere recounted, but it is never told twice in the same way. Now, it is a despoiled sanctuary; now a withdrawn sacramental mystery; now the abandonment of a great military and religious order; now the age-long frustration of the greatest building plan which was ever conceived; now the Lost Word of Kabalism; now the vacancy of the most holy of all sepulchres. But the sanctuary is sacred, the king is to return, the Order of Chivalry has not really died. At some undeclared time, and under some unknown circumstances, the Word which gives the building plan will be restored, and meanwhile the quest after it is continued for ever; the true Word will also be restored to Israel, and so from age to age goes on the great story of divine expectation. Meanwhile the Christian mystics say: Take no thought for the morrow, because it is here and now; and to this grand antiphon the response of the Hermetic Mystery is: Even so, in the place of wisdom there is still the Stone of the Wise.

In the light of this conclusion, it follows that the great things of life are those which stand about the hither side of the channels through which the graces flow from Eternity. The pageants and processes of Nature, the Rituals of the Churches, the rites and ceremonies of fraternities are to Mr. Waite such channels.

Anyone who has been fortunate enough to witness his working of a rite, will realise that to him as to few others is given the gift of illuminating and transforming the recital of an office into a vital and dramatic message conveying life—the proper gift of those who sense what is behind the symbols. "It is the heart only that truly speaks in the Universe" he writes; "it speaks in messages signs and omens; it prophesies continually; it knows the past, the present, and the future; it utters the watchwords of Eternity."

To sum up this brief glimpse of the intellectual life, and literary activities of one of the most lovable of men, and, perhaps, the most profound student of mystical philosophy amongst us at the present day, it may be stated that with all the appeal that comes to him from the quarters of tradition, from the East and from the West, that which remains with him is that which was with him from the beginning. After the great lights on the Mystic Path which he acknowledges to be held up by the higher side of Buddhism, the great Vedantic texts, and the later Theosophy of Israel, he is purely and simply a Christian mystic, who claims to have realised that the sum of the methods and processes which lead most directly from man placed in the Universe of material things to man seeking the experience of being withdrawn in God, are to be found in that great Consensus Omnium Sanctorum which begins with the writings attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite, and ends, if it does end, with Molinos, and Louis Claude de St. Martin.

In what way the consideration of the path of Christian Mysticism belongs in a peculiar manner to the interests of our own day and moment, he intends to indicate in a work entitled "The Way of the Divine Union."

As to his work in the future, and the fruit of his labours, I leave him as he would wish to be left in the sense of one of his own aphorisms that "in the great things of literature, of the life of research, and the life in God, everything remains to be done, because the work of the poet, the work of the scholar, the work of the mystic always leaves something to be desired, which is the absolute term of all."

THE READER.

NIETZSCHE.*

By George Sampson.

I.

THE second and concluding volume of the life of Nietzsche appears in an excellent English translation at a specially appropriate moment; for this disquieting writer, whose works three publishers tried in vain for twenty years to force upon English readers, has suddenly become a national institution. Nietzsche is the Mesopotamia of the moment—the "blessed word" that symbolises our moral indignation. It is a passion of the English, and, indeed, of all people, to concentrate public anger upon an individual. Germany has blazed out into inexplicable lust for slaughter; someone must be held responsible, so let it be Nietzsche, whose sinister name, like Habbakuk's, indicates capacity for any enormity. If things go wrong, the crowd demands the hangman and a victim—anyone will do. Therefore behold upon a gallows fifty cubits high, builded daily in every newspaper, the execrated effigy of Nietzsche, solemnly pendulous, pointing the morals and adorning the tales of all such as write leading articles. At the moment, then, there is a chance that some of us may turn to the life of Nietzsche, as once we turned to the Newgate Calendar, for edification mitigated agreeably by sensation. In such a case we shall be horribly disappointed. We shall find that, for the best years of his life, the alleged apostle of *Kultur* did not even live in the chosen land of that commodity, but preferred Switzerland, Italy and the Riviera; we shall find that he disdained the name of German and claimed to be a "good European"; and we shall discover that his love for the Fatherland was so far mingled with discretion that he could use habitually such language as this:

"Wherever Germany's influence extends it corrupts culture."

"We can never gauge the depth of a German, because, just like women, he has none."

"May I not propose the word 'German' as an international coin for this psychological degeneracy?"

"It is part of my ambition to be looked upon as a despiser of the Germans *par excellence*. I expressed my distrust of the German character as far back as my twenty-sixth year."

"The Germans are *canaille*. . . . One lowers oneself by having dealings with Germans. . . . With the exception of my intercourse with some German artists, especially Richard Wagner, I have not spent a single happy hour with a German."

We shall find that this supposed apologist for "frightfulness" was, in fact, a sickly, old-maidish, classical scholar, torturing himself into chronic headache and insomnia by misuse of his half-blind eyes, until paralysis, the punishment of such excesses, struck him down and left him to expire, like Swift, a driveller and a show. From all of which we shall doubtless look up in bewilderment, saying incredulously, "This is not the man," and return for comfort and reassurance to the pendulous *ecce signum* fifty cubits high.

Nevertheless, this book should be read by all who wish to learn anything of the real Nietzsche. It is the one necessary complement and companion to his own works—that long line of volumes, now at last complete, for which we are indebted to the enthusiasm of Dr. Oscar Levy. One could wish that the biographer had been a little more serene, a little less indignant. She is so anxious to do battle against sundry other "fellow-females" that she forsakes biography for invective, and betrays a frequent tendency to write her own life instead of her brother's. If you can imagine the life of Eilert Lövborg, written by Mrs. Elvsted, embodying many references to the wickedness of Hedda Gabler and the general helpfulness of Tesman and herself, you can guess with what laborious conscientiousness this life of the incalculable Nietzsche has been compiled by an affectionate and slightly puzzled sister. However, you must make allowances, and, that done, you will find the book a highly interesting and well-documented biography.

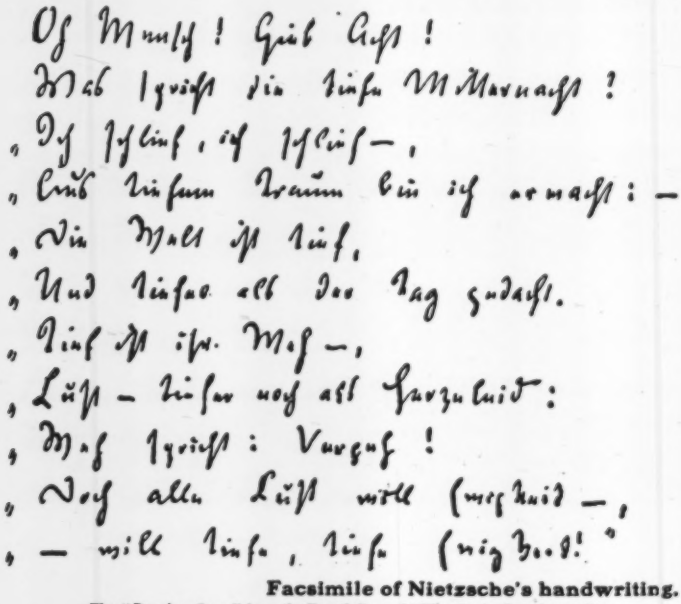
It takes up the story of Nietzsche's life at the critical year 1876, when the "Ring der Nibelungen" was first produced at Bayreuth. Till then Nietzsche had been

Nietzsche.

Statuette by Arnold Kramer. Modelled in 1898 from life.
From "The Lonely Nietzsche" (Heinemann.)

* "The Lonely Nietzsche." By Frau Förster-Nietzsche. Translated by Paul V. Cohn. 12s. net. (Heinemann.)

a follower rather than a leader. He had worshipped Wagner as a new imperious spirit transcending his age and his country. Now he was beginning to find himself, and the "Ring" created, or rather announced, a revulsion of feeling that drove him into hatred of what he had once adored. For Nietzsche's apostacy many far-sought reasons have been urged, ranging from hopeless love for Cosima to a bad seat at the Festival. There is no need for any of these efforts. All conversions have their hidden preparation and their sudden epiphany. The lightning-flash on the road to Damascus reveals the great gulf that has imperceptibly widened between the believer and his old belief. The "Ring" did not convert Nietzsche, it merely announced that his conversion was complete. He, the classic, beheld in Wagner the poison of decadent romanticism. He, the hater of delusions, beheld in Wagner nothing but super-theatricality disguised as philosophy. He, the intellectual, beheld in Wagner the minister of sensuality and eroticism. He, the "yea-sayer" to life, the preacher of the will to live powerfully and exuberantly, beheld in Wagner the preacher of renunciation and the will to oblivion. Tristan and Isolde sang the praise of night and death; Nietzsche aspired to sing the praise of light and life. Finally came the offence of "Parsifal," that orgy of sham religiosity and intellectual narcotism, after which Wagner was not only a friend whom he had abandoned, but a foe whom he must fight without mercy. The writer who uttered the paradox that pity, in its essence, is a form of self-indulgence, involving an emotion of pleasure and a sense of superiority, could plainly have no more to do with a musical hierophant whose ultimate text was "*Durch Mitleid wissend*," and whose last hero was a renunciant fool. Yet he loved and hated with a difference. His criticism of Wagner is the deadliest yet written; but he could still find much to admire in passages of the music; and something of the past, with its hues of personal affection, always tinged his vision of the lost leader. His general charge against Wagner is admirably concentrated in one sentence:



Facsimile of Nietzsche's handwriting.

The "Drunken Song," from the Fourth Part of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." From "The Lonely Nietzsche" (Heinemann).

"On no account must we treat music as it has come to be treated to-day, as a stimulant, as one more whiplash for exhausted nerves, as mere Wagnerism."

Again, he writes:

"I loved the man when he was living upon an island and excluding the world, though without any hatred; that is how I understood his attitude. How far he is from me now that he is swimming with the current of national cupidity and national rancour, and is trying to satisfy the craving which these nations, fuddled with politics and the greed of gold, feel for religion!"

II.

So far, in this country, Nietzsche has been the object of adulation or of execration by the few who have troubled at all about him—for we must omit, of course, all the fortuitous and distorted notoriety induced by the war. It ought to be possible, however, for English people to take as sane a view of Nietzsche as of any other philosophical critic of life, to read him for the good we may get, reserving, in his, as in any other case, the right to differ, to reprobate, and even to deride. Much that he wrote may be read as a sermon upon a very English text—that we should clear our minds of cant. He is the ruthless foe of moral illusions and hypocrisies, especially of those that originate in the prohibitions of religion. There is nothing here for astonishment. Our churches, every Sunday, contain crowds of Nietzscheans unconfessed, who believe that the moral valuations taught officially from the pulpits—the glories of meekness, humility, chastity, poverty, suffering, and self-denial, are excellent, indeed—for other people. Like the inhabitants of Erewhon they keep a little moral coin from the religious banks for show, but decline emphatically to take it as normal currency. The extent to which we are Nietzscheans at heart may be gauged by the execration and contempt that greeted Tolstoy's reassertion of the primitive Christian virtues. Nietzsche, it may be said at once, is the most dangerous foe that Christianity has had to face in these latter days. Others have derided its miracles and denied its dogmas; he has impugned its whole ethical basis, calling it the morality of a conquered and despised race who had, literally, to make a virtue of necessity, and to believe that submission and non-resistance were the highest of qualities because they had no choice of the opposite.

That moral values are not fixed, but evolve with the gradual emergence of man from primordial savagery, is no new theme to Englishmen. Walter Bagehot lived and died in utter ignorance that any such person as Friedrich Nietzsche was in existence; yet you may take paragraph after paragraph of "Physics and Politics," first published in 1867, and set them parallel to the aphorisms of "Human, all-too-Human," published in 1878. Aphorism ninety-six, for example, called "Custom and Morality," is pure Bagehot, and might have been taken from the Englishman's work. When Bagehot describes the evolution of superior or ruling castes,

we seem to catch glimpses of Nietzsche's conquering 'blond beasts' rising to dominion over the lesser races of primitive times. Even his acceptance of slavery as a necessary "provisional institution" in human progress, and as an actual benefit to certain types of population, has a strangely Nietzschean complexion. Bagehot had, however, the limitations of his social circle, his country and his time. He might assert that morality had evolved; it remained for Neitzsche to assert that morality was still evolving, and there must still be one code for the higher and another for the lower among man.

Nietzsche on his death-bed, following the sinking sun.

By Professor Hans Olde.
From "The Lonely Nietzsche" (Heinemann).

Bagehot, we might observe in passing, had one clear advantage: he knew how to write. The prose of Nietzsche has been highly praised, and with some reason; it is rather good—for a German; but it is very far below Bagehot, beside whose sparkling sentences the aphorisms of Nietzsche sound like a sonata played by a learner who has not yet mastered the scales. His incessant italics and rhetorical pauses are simply confessions that he could not get an edge on his style. He gives us (to use a phrase of his own), not merely his thoughts, but the thinking of them, and much that he wrote is tedious and prolix. Like other Germans he never learned that the secret of style is economy. There is a story told of Phil May to the effect that an editor once grumbled at having to pay so much money for a drawing with so few lines. "Yes," retorted Phil, "and when I can draw with half that number of lines I shall want twice as much money." If Nietzsche had written half as much and written it twice as well, his repute would have been more considerable and less ambiguous. In his more dithyrambic utterances he has some affinity with Carlyle; but to say this is not necessarily to praise him.

III.

Nietzsche stands for an important reaction. He has touched Western thought back towards individualism and strength. The tendency of the last century in Europe has been to find the lowest common measure of humanity, to rate life and accomplishment by the standard of the weakest, and to set up what M. Faguet calls the cult of incompetence. For example: trades-unionism has been of enormous benefit to workmen and to society. It has raised the standard of life for millions. But it is hard to deny that trades-unionism has also tended to put a premium upon incompetence and a penalty upon skill. The capacity of the least competent has become the measure of ability, and the daring, original, rapid workman is regarded as the enemy of his kind. So in other aspects of life. In so far as our levelling is an uplifting, it is admirable and necessary; but levelling may also mean depressing, and when it clips the wings of the free spirits, tethers our Shelleys to the ground and yokes our Byrons to the plough, it must be viewed with dismay by all who believe that the herdsman is greater than the herd, and that the highest, not the lowest man, is the measure of all things. The way for mankind is upward to the heights. Those who cannot keep pace with the best must remain behind upon the plains of submission. "The weak and helpless must go to the wall," says Nietzsche, "that is a first principle of our love for humanity." It is a hard doctrine; but, like Hamlet, Nietzsche would claim that he was cruel only to be kind. The race must be to the swift, the battle to the strong; there must be bread for the wise, riches for men of understanding, favour for men of skill. So shall mankind be great under the sun.

Of much else that there is in Nietzsche we have no space to speak. He points a moral, however, that must not be overlooked. If he offends, if he seems the foe of all that many hold precious, there is an ancient tag that fits the case—we must learn from the enemy. The challenge of his teaching is unmistakable. In these soft times, miracles are explained away, and dogmas minimised almost to nothing. Will Christian morals also suffer defeat? That is the future combat, and the issue will be decided, not by dialectics, but by faith and works. The difference between Christian principles and current Christian practice is notorious. As long as Christians prove by un-Christian practice and empty lip-service that they believe the Christian morality to be, in fact, unworkable, they are doing more for Nietzsche than all his disciples. Where the walls are weakest and the garrison half-hearted, there the deadliest attack is being delivered.

XUM

SHAKESPEARE.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

O let me leave the plains behind,
  And let me leave the vales below!
Into the highlands of the mind,
  Into the mountains let me go.

My Keats, my Spenser, loved I well;
  Gardens and statued lawns were these;
Yet not for ever could I dwell
  In arbours and in pleasances.

Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,
  With Himalayan dews impearled;
And I will watch from Everest
  The long heave of the surging world.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse supposed to be written by one who would enlist, but is disqualified.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Miss Vera Larminie, of 6, Sunningdale Gardens, Kensington, W., and Mr. B. R. H. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

IN PACE.

I kiss your folded hands: at last they rest
In utter stillness on your breast.
I kiss your quiet brow: at last it lies
All smooth above your hidden eyes.

I kiss your smiling lips, your shining hair,
With every kiss a broken pray'r.
I kiss your covered feet: the road they trod
Leads up by Calvary to God.

VERA LARMINIE.

AUTUMN, 1914.

He left the sickle idle in the wheat,
  Although it was but early in the day;
He hung the rake behind the stable door
  And soberly he went away.

Another reaps the field he always reaped,
  Another gathers what he sowed in spring,
And in an alien land his English eyes
  Behold another harvesting.

B. R. H. HETHERINGTON.

We also select for printing:

THE LITTLE WHITE VILLAGE.

Oh, the little white village that lies blinking in the sun,
Shut in by yellow wheat-fields where scarlet poppies run,
I'm thinking of the years ago when life was just begun
  In my little village of Auvergne—o!

It was full of song and legend—the sunny, sleepy place—
Old women told you fairy tales, while they were making lace,
Of horrible Père Gorot and his monstrous goblin box,
And Mère Brigette, the witch, whose wand stopped all the village clocks.

The food was homely food at best, and bitter, poor and spare;
But o'er our earthen bowls we breathed a happy little prayer
And scampered off to school, along that crooked, cobbled lane,
Where Uncle Jean, the cripple, tried to whack us with his cane.

And close beneath our attic was a little gabled room,
Where a lonely poet studied, dreaming visions in the gloom.
On many a frosty morning did I clatter up and knock:
"'Tis Victor, with your coffee, sir—and won't you please unlock?"

Oh, I'm grey now as my Grandpère who took me on his knee
And told me tales of "when he was a little boy like me."
My thoughts are feeble guides enough, but lead me, every one,
To that street where the old men sit blinking in the sun.

So long ago—so long ago! But I can feel again
The west wind blowing sharp and clear—the dash of April rain,
See twilight o'er the meadows, and the candle at the pane,
  In my little village of Auvergne—o!

(Laura Benét, Augusta Arsenal, Georgia.)

"THEY ALSO SERVE . . ."

Oh, Father! hear us when we plead
For those who fight and those who bleed;
For those who yield their lives that we
May safely rest in liberty.
Remember Lord, compassionate,
Thy servants who must stand and wait.

They serve Thee too, we know full well;
How hard it is, we cannot tell,
To fold the hands that fain would share
A portion of the awful care.
Have mercy, Lord, compassionate,
On those whom Thou hast bidden "wait."

And as the fleeting hours fly,
And one by one hope's mornings die,
And they are left there, waiting still
The working of Thine hidden will.
Oh! Saviour, all compassionate,
Keep vigil Thou, with those who wait.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin)

AN OLD MAID'S GRAVE.

Unloved, unwooed, unwed,
She lies amongst the dead;
No stronger arm than hers
Enfolded, aided, led,
Through trouble of the years;
No eyes gazed raptly down
Into her own;
None ever whispered low:
"Dear Heart, I love you so!"
No little drowsy head
Lay ever pillowed
Within her mother-arms,
And slept, all comforted
From babyhood's alarms.

And now that still she lies
Until the sleeping rise,
To me it surely seems
That her sweet paradise
Must be all gracious dreams
Of joys she never knew—
Dear, tender, true;
And love that passed her by
Hers, now, eternally.
And softly, in her rest,
By little arms caressed,
She dreams through long, dim hours,
By little voices blessed,
By small hands crowned with flowers.

(Cecily Fryer, Bury Hill, Woodbridge.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by ffrida Wolfe (Bedford Park), H. Thompson Rich (New Hampshire, U.S.A.), Isobel Hume Fisher (Switzerland), R. L. C. (Muswell Hill), Horace Shipp (Hackney), Queenie Scott-Hopper (Whitley Bay), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Marjorie N. How (Crouch End), W. R. B. (New York), Frank N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Percy J. Piggott (Evesham), Cheyne Farnie (New Zealand), A. E. Davison (Hampstead), M. F. Austin (Southwold), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Thomas Moult (Prestwich), H. George Pugh (St. Alban's), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Brenda MacGregor (Sheffield), Frances Bexfield (Audley), E. F. Pierce (Worthing), Constance Kew (Ashton-on-Mersey), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Aimée L'étranjere (Liverpool), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), L. M. (Dublin), George Savill (Brockley), Warren Livermore (Mass., U.S.A.), B. Cleland (Penge), Mary Mackay Ohm (Conway), Phyllis A. Dean (Cirencester), Janet E. Mundy (Blackheath), Lesbia Thanet (Leeds), J. Whittington Anthony (Philadelphia), D. Clough Ratcliffe (Leeds), Evelyn D. Bangay (Leeds), Isabel Davies (Liverpool) A. G. St. Fillan (Edinburgh), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), F. P. P. (Ontario), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), Basanos (Harlesden), Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot), Isabel Roget (Kensington), James Signa Bailey (Earl's Barton), Elsie M. M. Biggs (Birmingham), H. Ainsworth (Muswell Hill), Leo French (Bowden), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Bernard Spencer (Rye Hill), Alice M. Campbell (Edinburgh).

Friedrich Nietzsche.
From "Three Modern Seers," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis (Stanley Paul).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Laurence Tarr, of 43, Howard Road, Upminster, for the following:

CHARITY CORNER. BY ANDREW SOUTAR. (Cassell.)

"It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Music Grinders.*

We also select for printing:

BUT SHE MEANT WELL. BY WILLIAM CAINE. (John Lane.)

"Who was't betrayed the Capitol?—A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world?—A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes?—Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

THOMAS OTWAY, *The Orphan.*

(J. Sebastian Collins, 16, Albert Road, Regent's Park, N.W.)

STAGE-STRUCK. BY HORACE WYNDHAM. (Richmond.)

"Now for the eggs."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Sorcerer.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickinson Road, Rusholme, Manchester.)

THE ROAD TO CALAIS. BY A. S. SHERIDAN. (Digby, Long & Co.).

"Fie, Foh, and Fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

King Lear, Act III., Sc. 4.

(D. H. Phillips, 72, Somers Road, Worcester.)

BONES. BY EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward, Lock.)

"Visions of very heavy meals arise,
That tend to make your organism shiver."

SIR OWEN SEAMAN, *In Cap and Bells.*

(Cyril W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

BUT SHE MEANT WELL. BY WILLIAM CAINE. (Lane.)

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd."

COLERIDGE, *Kubla Khan.*

(Poetaster, Yorks.)

III.—The results of this Competition for an original fable, in not more than 200 words, dealing with Germany's treatment of Belgium are rather disappointing. Out of some three hundred fables received, nine run to four hundred words and upwards and thus are disqualified, and none of the rest are quite up to publication standard. The best is that sent in by Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, of 25, Wellington Road, Brighton, to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded. Her fable begins admirably, but rapidly tails off and ends quite ineffectively. The best three among the remainder are by Reginald Gray (Darlington), A. D. Somerville (Edmonton), and Marie Russell (Glasgow).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

THE CHILD AT THE WINDOW. BY WILLIAM HEWLETT. (Secker.)

This is an age, apparently, in which the laying bare of women's souls is achieved most successfully by men. Among the many authors who have written successful analytical biographies of the weaker sex, Mr. Hewlett stands out as one of the most relentless; there is no feminine weakness that he does not entirely comprehend and remorselessly expose. That his book is not entirely "nice" is, perhaps, inevitable, and though the type of girl he describes is necessarily extreme, every woman, on reading this book, must feel that part of her soul, too, has been exposed to the public gaze.

We also select for printing:

THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER. BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan.)

There is something in 'The King of the Dark Chamber" that recalls Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." In both poems—I use the term advisedly—the final surrender of the Rebellious Soul is so inevitable. One fears to describe this exquisite little Eastern allegory—its hidden meanings are too delicately interwoven. Beyond all question here is something that must be read more than once if its fullest significance is to be realised. It is well worth the trouble. The lyrics throughout are full of that lilting music of which Mr. Tagore is so pre-eminently a master.

(Lois Payne, 20, Vernon Road, Edgbaston.)

THE ENCOUNTER. BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (The Century Co., New York.)

After "Tante," "The Encounter" is disappointing. One feels that while the central character of "Tante" was a wonderful creation, the central character of "The Encounter" is but a clever analysis. The "artistic temperament," as portrayed in Ludwig, is disagreeable, but then the great prototype of Ludwig was undoubtedly not agreeable. The story deals with his love affair, which is indeed tragi-comic. The disdain of Ludwig for Christianity in its "latest modern dress," his intellectual pride, and the complete materialism of Lüdenstein, another of Mrs. Sélincourt's characters, mark aspects of German life which may be said to be typical.

(Hilda Ridley, 419, Porter Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y.)

DELIA BLANCHFLOWER. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Ward, Lock & Co.).

It would be difficult not to love the impressible, ardent, devoted woman depicted here. Perhaps Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel misses the apt moment for publication, as the question of general suffrage has, at present, lost its intensity because of the more dreadful preoccupation of the war. But, it is an enthralling love-story It holds, as a kernel, the writer's views of the women's great movement of to-day. It is a splendid personality—this of Delia—drawn with that unerring delicacy and sureness which is characteristic of the authoress. Delia is the central figure of a drama which holds one spell-bound.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

MIDDLE LIFE. BY SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE. (Holden & Hardingham.)

The young modern girl is infinitely more bewildering than the subtle woman in her forties, but Sybil Campbell Lethbridge, in "Middle Life," has proved that she understands them both. The modern girl makes her own love story, she breathes life into a mere fancy, while "middle life" looks on aghast. Phyllis is determined to get her own way and how she manages it, and the reward gained by her comandeered chaperon, Anne-Marie, is all written so skilfully that you really begin to imagine that you would rather like to know Anne-Marie.

(Frances D. Watson, 22, Derby Road, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.)

From the many other reviews received we select for special commendation the twelve by Miss V. Huish (Derby), H. Taylor (Ramsgate), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), A. S. Holbrow (Eden Bridge), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Rolanda Hirst (Tockwith), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Miss C. Fryer (Woodbridge), W. M. Parkes (Glasgow), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), Peter Winstanley (Bolton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. M. Whitaker, Ross House, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury.

DISRAELI THE DIVINER.*

By WALTER SICHEL.

". . . Power is neither the sword nor the shield, for these pass away, but ideas which are divine."—*Tancred.*

DISRAELI'S gifted father in his delightful "Curiosities of Literature" has twice treated of the prophetic temperament. How little could he have forecasted what a prophet his son was to become—perhaps the last of them, for modern developments scarcely favour the "super-personal." "Nothing is great" exclaims Disraeli in "Coningsby," "but the personal," and he laments "the frigid theories of a generalising age." "The present," observes Isaac Disraeli in a long passage, "is always full of the future, as Leibnitz has happily expressed the idea," and he proceeds to ascribe this faculty to the "philosopher of history." But surely vision, it is, that makes prevision, and in this sense Disraeli was a visionary born. His imagination visualised things. He pierces their very heart with a psychological intuition. He saw them just because he was so paramountly a man of ideas. Ideas, indeed, were his comrades, and ideas, as he tells us in "Tancred," are "divine." Ideas have no date, and they show their fruitage in their seed. This it is that makes this third volume of Disraeli's "Life" so doubly living. It reveals a genius to whom everything was fraught with the future, whom energy (untiring as his was) never seduced from dream. Romance, adventure, wit, irony, infinite expansiveness, the vivid colouring indissociable from him, all these abound. Political developments, upheavals in Europe, ferments in England, the seething-pot, so to speak, that simmered throughout the half-decade before the Crimean war—all this is in full evidence. His own career, in many points tardily vindicated, his marvellous consistency yet flexibility of outlook, these too loom largely, and we are astonished to mark how gradually, considering his spring of

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. Vol. III., 1846–1855. (John Murray.)

step and stature of intellect, he mounted, over jealousies, misunderstandings and even malice, up to avowed leadership. The triumphs yet repulses of the year 1848 alone would suffice for a whole volume, fully in some respects as they have been handled here by the discriminating Mr. Buckle. Rarely has so much patience been united to so much brilliance, or such iron purpose to such a volatile salt. The deep devotion to his wife is manifest also—a gentle undercurrent and refrain—and those romantic friendships with men and women that always distinguished him and are exemplified in his correspondence with the fair Lady Londonderry and that adoring old Mrs. Brydges Willyams who sought him out by affinity and proved his constant benefactress. They are illustrated, too, by his comradeship with Lord John Manners, of whom he made more a confidant perhaps than of any one outside his home, his firm attachment (the loyalty of which this book proves) to Lord George Bentinck, his playful friendship with the young Lord Henry Lennox, his intercourse with Metternich, his true sympathy with Louis Philippe, and, in their downfall, with his early intimates Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington. All of these features lend fascination, and there are many more of political import that take one behind the scenes of a not too familiar play. But this *trait* of divination, running through them all, makes him pre-eminently modern. There is nothing local about it. He is always in touch with to-day.

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. (1852).

From the picture by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., at Hughenden. From "Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

First and foremost, in connection, too, with the present juncture, stands his amazing prophecy in 1848 about Prussia, which arose from his discernment of the "dreamy and dangerous nonsense" preached under the pretext "of German nationality." Mr. Buckle does not dwell on the fact that here, as so often, Disraeli only repeats one of the fixed ideas from the vantage-point of which he approached every problem that passed before him. "Nationality," he regarded as a very good reason for home-union but a very bad excuse for warfare abroad. "Nationality" was an ideal for the reconcilement of races—and "all is race"; race is the clue to everything that happens, the true antithesis to all the fictions of "natural equality." But when this same nationalism is turned into a stalking-horse for aggression, it becomes the devil. And often the mildest and most abstract of doctrinaires, those bland preachers of universal peace (which somehow goes with perpetual taxes), spend their time in raising it. Six years earlier this same problem of Prussianism had occurred to him. In 1842 Disraeli had actually prepared a paper for his friend "The King of the French" on the "Means of Restoring the Understanding between France and England"; it may be found in the appendix to the preceding volume. He urges that "a party should be organised" in England to oppose "the Prussian system," and thus to "dispel Lord Aberdeen's mystical hallucinations of German nationality." This links us on to the speech under review. "German nationality," even then vapoured of as a warrant for an invasion of Schleswig Holstein, was laid down, he said, as a principle that "wheresoever the German language is spoken, there the German flag ought to wave." But if so, he urged, why did not Prussia try conclusions with Alsace or Livonia? Disraeli was the first to realise that Prussia coveted a northern sea-power. It may be recalled how fond Isaac Disraeli was of contrasting "causes" with "pretexts." His son inherited the vein, and he thus continues:

"... It is in the north ... that the pretext vanishes and the cause appears. ... Germany, which possesses almost every other advantage, is not a great naval Power, and Germany wants a coast. This is the real reason why Denmark, supposed to be weak, is to be invaded in this age of liberty on the plea of nationality. It is to gain the harbours of the Baltic, and to secure the mouths of the Elbe that the plea of German Nationality is put forth. Hitherto in the Baltic, Russia and the Scandinavian Peninsula have prevented this project of Germany; while Holland and Great Britain have intercepted in the North Sea its maritime development. But now ... taking advantage of the fact that the King of Denmark possesses in Schleswig perhaps 150,000 subjects of German race, his dominions are to be invaded and may be conquered ... in order that Prussia may suddenly appear as a great maritime Power. I do not wish to argue this case with respect to the interest of England. ... But this I wish to lay down as a principle that it is for the interest ... not of England alone, but of all Europe, that peace should be maintained. ... I never can believe," he added, "that the peace of Europe is to be maintained by hiding our heads in the sand and comforting ourselves with the conviction that nobody will find us out. ... We had guaranteed Schleswig to Denmark and must not shirk our obligations."

Foresight, and manly foresight! Just as in "Protection" he descried not an end but a means—a rampart of stability. Just as in the old scheme of Bolingbroke's new Toryism he saw a check on any class despotism, the co-ordination of "Orders" privileged through duties, the sole real security for the rights (not revolutions) of the poor. Just as he desired that intervention abroad should be less the slapdash of that Palmerston, whom he otherwise most cordially admired, than a

course based on fixed, definite "understandings"—France and England he declared should be "the policemen of Europe." Just as in the Crimean war he discerned the evils of dogmatic vacillation. Just as, much later, he was, perhaps, the only statesman (when statesmanship yet survived) to descry the real meaning and results of the American conflict. So here he strips the essentials of their accidents, and foresees.

Hughenden Manor House in 1852.
From a water-colour drawing by Lord Henry Lennox, M.P., at Hughenden.
From "Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

In the early fifties when Utilitarian Radicalism united the faults of Capitalism to those of Labour—a separation of rights from duties—he warned them that the choice lay between American methods unsuited to this country, and a disciplined democracy implanted in the soil. Government should be an art not a trade. What was wanted was the "realised experience of an ancient society, and of a race that for generations had lived and flourished in the high practice of a noble system of self-government." Party was disorganised.

"... I can foresee, though I dare not contemplate, the consequences of the system that now prevails. ... I know of no institution in the country that can long withstand its sapping and deleterious influence. As for the class of public men that have hitherto so gloriously administered the affairs of this country, I believe they will be swept off the face of our political world. For my part I protest against the system: I denounce it."

For all his joy in the magnificence of life he truly believed that man is a spirit on earth. From first to last he scathed the materialism that, "amid empires shrivelled into deserts ... amid arts forgotten and populations destroyed ...," mistakes "comfort for civilisation." "Tancred," with its spiritual appeal in a setting of the Arabian Nights, makes the East (or rather the Mediterranean) inquire scornfully of us what and where is our Christianity. "Progress"—in the mechanical sense a "winding phrase"—"Progress! Where?" asked Disraeli in 1849, "Progress to Paradise or Progress to the Devil? People ... want to know where you are progressing to, what you are at." "The Manchester School were intelligible. They wanted disestablishment, destruction of landed tenure, a change of the whole constitution." But the Peelites—what did they want? They were "dilettante disciples of progress." "Tancred" invoked the sacred soil of Syria once more to send forth "a great thought" and regenerate Europe. And "Coningsby," too, had announced that "You must give men new ideas ... you must root out prejudices, subvert convictions, if you wish to be great." Disraeli desired change to be development. Demagogues he despised. At this early period it was he who again pressed the Ten Hours Act home, who did so much and so often afterwards for the national health, concord, and happiness. He might be envied, he might be suspected, he might be (and often was) pitifully treated. But he was obeyed. Nor, by consent, was there ever anything petty about him. He was a big man in the big sense of the word. And to-day he lives. Mr. Buckle has had and will have a difficult though delightful task. But his mastery of analysis does not efface his sense of drama, nor among the many dramatic episodes are Disraeli's successive and sudden offers to retire magnanimously in favour of others the least. "Time" was ever his motto, and with Time he has permanently triumphed.

New Books.

A MUSIC MAKER.*

It is little short of fifteen years since Ernest Dowson's death; and his exquisite verse, despite the statement to the contrary, still has its audience fit though few. There is little in it to lend support to Synge's theory of poetry "that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal." Dowson's untimely end was announced in *The Athenæum* for March 2nd, 1900, by Mr. Arthur Symons, now, alas, though not in the usual acceptance of the term "fallen upon silence." This brief notice was expanded into an article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for June of the same year, and later was printed as a memoir of the poet in the collected poems published in 1905. Of this publication five editions were printed up to 1913, which fact is satisfactory evidence that the appreciation of Dowson's poems is not yet a thing of the past. The memoir, as beautiful as any that has come from Mr. Symons' pen, has been pretty generally accepted as a true portrait of

* "Ernest Dowson, 1888–1897: Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters and Marginalia." By Victor Plarr. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Ernest Dowson. Not so by Mr. Edgar Jepson, who was for some years an intimate friend of the poet, and who contributed a charming paper to *The Academy* in 1907, under the title of "The Real Ernest Dowson." And now Mr. Victor Plarr, another old friend, enters the lists as a champion of a greatly beloved dead friend, giving his reminiscences and accompanying them with a series of letters written by Dowson to him during a period of five or six years. Dowson did not die until 1900, some three or four years after all intimacy with Mr. Plarr had ceased. Only twice during this period of Dowson's life—called by Mr. Plarr "The last phase"—was he seen by his friend—once when Mr. Plarr met him unexpectedly in London but, for reasons which to him seem exculpatory, did not speak to him, and again when Dowson visited him at his own house where he spent the night. The date of this visit was some time in July, 1897—more than two and a half years before Dowson died.

Mr. Symons' account of the irregularities which marked some period or other, not very clearly indicated, of Dowson's life may therefore have reference to those years when Mr. Plarr neither saw anything of his friend nor, perhaps, heard of his doings and ways of life. These lapses Mr. Symons puts down to the disappointment caused by the utter failure of a somewhat romantic love episode—one which inspires most of his poems. Another friend, Mr. Sherard, ascribes these irregularities to a different cause, the result of which was "the ruin, complete and orbicular, of any chance of peace or happiness in this world." Commenting on this statement nearly a year ago, when the announcement of Mr. Plarr's book was made, a writer remarked: "One wishes Mr. Sherard had not on this point practised the 'I could an I would' method, and, perhaps, Mr. Plarr may be more explicit." Considerable interest in the announcement was aroused among those who love Dowson's poetry and compassionate his downfall, and it was hoped that at last the mystery surrounding him might be cleared up. No such disclosure has been vouchsafed. Evidently the trouble, whatever its nature, was connected with Dowson's parents. Mr. Plarr writes thus:

> "Of the sudden deaths of the poet's father and mother I am expressly forbidden to write, and can only state here that one shock following at no long interval of time upon the other shook him to the roots of his being."

If Mr. Plarr was forbidden by an individual, possibly by Dowson himself, or by some relative of the latter, to reveal a secret told in confidence, there is an end of the matter. Or it may be that he was forbidden by his own high sense of the necessity for reticence. In the latter case, it might be urged that, if the disclosure would tend to mitigate or excuse Dowson's irregularities or shortcomings, such an act would be to render no inconsiderable service to the memory of his dead friend. In the meantime, until a complete revelation is made in the fulness of time, it is some satisfaction to assume that if we knew all it might be that we should forgive all, though it cannot but be regretted that the necessity for secrecy should be held to be binding.

Mr. Plarr has not over much to say concerning Dowson's poems except those which were transcribed in or forwarded with his friend's letters. He is the happy posesssor of "thirteen of his best—all, in fact, except the now famous 'Cynarae.'" The letters, which form the bulk of the book and are about thirty in number, must have given joy to their recipient, but, although many of them are finely phrased and pleasant to read, they are not of outstanding interest, nor will they add to their writer's reputation.

Contrary to most poets, Dowson cared more for his prose than his poetry, but, as Mr. Symons justly declares, "he was wrong, and it is not by his prose that he will live, exquisite as that prose is at its best."

As an editor Mr. Plarr is very cautious, too much so it will be thought by many, and in some instances he is unduly timid. Whenever Dowson refers to the street in Soho where the "little lady of his heart" dwelt, instead of boldly printing the name, Mr. Plarr has recourse to a ——. The editorial comments are frequently insipid, occasionally absurd, and now and again there is a slight bruising of Priscian's head. The letters are preceded by a beautiful poem "On Reprinting a Poet's Letters." Why *reprinted*, when they are announced on the title-page as "unpublished"? There are several references to "Extreme Unction," one of the most exquisite poems Dowson ever wrote, but Mr. Plarr persists in miscalling it "Supreme Unction." He also is very unfortunate with his dates. Mr. Jepson's article in *The Academy* appeared on November 2nd, 1907, not 1906 as is stated on page 16, and the date of Dowson's death should read February 23rd, not February 21st. There is certainly much of interest in the book, but this quality is, greatly to our disappointment, limited in extent. When shall we have a biography of Dowson?

S. BUTTERWORTH.

BELGIAN POETRY.*

Lovers of lyric poetry who are not linguists ought to be very grateful to Mr. Jethro Bithell. His versions of the work of the Minnesingers has placed a body of literature, hitherto as inaccessible as it is interesting, at their disposal; and three little volumes of "Canterbury Poets," dealing respectively with French, with German, and with Belgian lyrists, have put them in touch with some of the most beautiful and most characteristic things in contemporary poetry. Mr. Bithell is not one of the great translators; he has not the rare art of transmuting what is good in one language into something equally good in another without spilling a drop of the original spirit. But he deals faithfully with his text, and, if lacking in delicacy and music, has plenty of spirit and vitality. While, therefore, he fails to convey the sense of poets who depend for their effect on fine shades, such as Verlaine, he is far more successful with poets like Verhaeren, who deal in vigorous statement.

His Canterbury volume of "Contemporary Belgian Poetry" has been reissued as "Belgian Poetry, including Verhaeren," in response to the demand which at present exists for literature with any reference to that heroic and unfortunate country. The only difference, except the title, between the new and the original editions, lies in the cover. The trim and strong binding, well known to those who have taken advantage of the cheapness and handiness of the series, is replaced by a flimsy wrapper, bearing, among flags and other heraldry, a portrait of King Albert. The motives which dictated this change are (we take for granted) of the highest. Nevertheless, one cannot but fear that his Majesty's effigy will soon disappear, and the book be left kingless and coverless.

It is an interesting volume, though only here and there specifically national. All the poets whose work is represented write in French, and the influences of Baudelaire, Verlaine and Mallarmé are everywhere apparent, while the sonnets of Valère Gille recall those of the impeccable Heredia. Verhaeren naturally dominates the book, occupying sixty of its two hundred pages, but his influence is curiously to seek among his compatriots. His genius seems to have had far more effect in Germany, where Richard Dehmel and others have been proud to acknowledge him their master. Mr. Bithell himself is a worshipper, offering him a dedicatory sonnet, which at least has the merit of enthusiasm, and calling him "the greatest of all French poets, past and present"—a statement which opens up a possibility of fruitless argument. It is a pity, however, that in his selection he has laid undue emphasis on one aspect, the Zolaesque, of Verhaeren's work. These earlier poems are extraordinarily vivid pieces of realism, but they were only the poet's first steps. Verhaeren is not one of those who, like Swinburne, have done their best work in their youthful days. His progress is continuous. "Toute la Flandre" (and its postscript, "Les Blés Mouvants"),

* "Belgian Poetry, including Verhaeren." By Jethro Bithell. 1s. net. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.).

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Emile Verhaeren.

A new portrait, specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

is undoubtedly the most perfect fruit of his genius; for there, after making poetry for a while the servant of philosophy, he has returned to the concrete themes of "Les Flamandes," with his sense of real significances quickened by his journeys among symbols and abstractions. Mr. Bithell, it must be admitted with gratitude, has given an adequate version of the superb "Sovran Rhythm," and a couple of pieces from the exquisite "Heures Claires." But "Toute la Flandre" ought not to have been thus ignored.

After Verhaeren, the poets whose work bulks most largely are Maeterlinck, whose "Serres Chaudes" lose in translation much of the elusive meaning given them by the subtle disposition of words; Charles van Lerberghe, of whom Mr. Bithell says, "In his lyric verse there is no sediment; all is clear and rippling like a beck dancing down a hillside in the sunshine of summer dawn"; André Fontanas, the symbolist; Max Elskamp, a religious poet who goes back to the primitives; Fernand Séverin, a reflective poet of great delicacy; Albert Mockel, Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud. Gilkin and Giraud are Baudelaireans, Mockel an impressionist and an advanced *vers-libriste*. Among the most characteristically Flemish pieces, in their combination of piety and humanity and their warm colouring, are the three taken from Thomas Braun's "Livre des Bénédictions."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER.*

In these short stories Mr. Lawrence shows himself the Salvator Rosa of modern psychologists. He takes the most ordinary human beings and thrusts them into a veritable tempest of emotion. The thunder rolls through their mental atmosphere: lightning sears their souls. It is magnificent. And yet the reader feels an irksome doubt as to whether the circumstances justify all this sound and fury.

A dull, heavy, good natured submissive soldier is kicked and bullied by his officer, and their feelings are described as if they were both in the grip of the shirt of Nessus. Another soldier subject to giddiness is ordered to climb a ladder, and the terror possessing him is described as if he were some Orestes pursued by the Furies. Lucretius' concourse of atoms "ruining along the illimitable inane" amble gently along compared with the passions that sweep through the mind of a vicar's ugly daughter making love to a handsome miner. Her lungs become "full of fire," and "a sharp pang like lightning sears her from head to foot" when the miner fails to take an obvious hint. The miner himself, who has lived on not particularly good terms with his affectionate but slightly contemptuous mother, feels when that mother lies dying "as if a red-hot iron were gripped round his chest."

There is a want of variety too about the motifs of these hurricanes of feeling. The mediæval horse serf revenging himself on his master for a cruel, unmerited flogging is only another variant of the tragic theme in the opening story, where the persecuted orderly revenges himself on his master. The miner, ashamed of himself for his bashfulness in the presence of women, all the more ashamed because otherwise he feels himself a first-class labouring man, bears a strong family likeness to the first-class fighting man in the Prussian army, who is ashamed of himself for his lack of head in going up a ladder. The cold-blooded, calculating curate is half-brother to the cold-blooded blasé and cynical officer. The one is cruel to his wife, the other to his orderly. In other stories the feelings are analysed of wives driven by tactless husbands to insisting defiantly on their interest in other men.

The fact is that Mr. Lawrence is a master of psychological analysis, but like the old Germans of the Romantic period, he loves to operate in a "Storm und Drang" environment, and thereby he necessarily limits his field of operations. But let there be no doubt as to his power of analysis. It is almost inspired, almost uncanny in its truthfulness. Some arresting sentence, some piece of startling insight, constantly crosses our path. The vicar of a mining village who slipped into "conscious hatred of the majority of his flock and unconscious hatred of himself," is one example out of a thousand of his skill in portraiture.

A correlative of this subtlety of analysis is subtlety of observation, as when he remarks of this vicar's family that they had "the curiously clean semi-transparent look of the genteel isolated poor." Not a little of the power of the pictures here presented to us lies in the contrast between the minute work of the brush in some parts of the canvas, and the broad dashing effects in others, when the colour is laid on in splashes, so that a farm labourer, for example, is described in one breath as "uneasy, triumphant and baffled." To scrutinise too closely such work is to lose its effect. Studied at a distance as a whole the strong colours melt, as in Gainsborough's work, into a harmonious unity, and produce a lasting impression.

* "The Prussian Officer." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

THE BEATIFICATION OF KANT.*

If, in our devotion to the "thing in itself," we can rise above the atmosphere of temporal circumstances, and are not unacquainted with certain memorial literature connected with Immanuel Kant, we may realise that nothing has been produced which we can class in the same category as this "study and comparison," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain. His translator we know already by an introduction to Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," of which, in its original, the Kaiser is reported to have purchased two thousand copies for presentation. We know Lord Redesdale also, in his wonderful collection called "Tales of Old Japan," and by other titles to consideration, outside his distinction as the translator of this work. Of Chamberlain's own claims, based on the "Foundations" just mentioned, there is no need to speak, and a treasury of transmuted scholarship has been drawn upon in his study of Kant. But, having made these honourable admissions, one must speak of the work as one finds it, and possibly the view taken may reflect that of some other readers.

Lord Redesdale mentions an acquaintance—"of acknowledged ability and great public worth"—who found himself "too old" for German philosophy; and he questions, by way of rejoinder, whether those who have achieved greatness in philosophy are of Germany or Scotland—Kant was a Scot by extraction—and not rather of the world at large. I think on my own part that Greek philosophy stands in a class by itself, and so also does German, with Kant as a great example, and that the question is not whether we are too old for learning in a school of the Teutons, but whether we are not old enough to have done with it. I speak as a mystic who has dwelt in many Egypts of the mind, and who knows that true light is beyond the excogitated systems, whatever their geographical denomination. Lord Redesdale calls Kant "that great Lord of Thought," much as the Kaiser is denominated the "great War Lord," but there is no finality in the titles. Others preceded and others will come after, until a day dawns when there will be no war in the world and when the "broken lights" of our thought-systems will give place to a knowledge which comes not by excogitation, but by realisation reached within. Meanwhile the schools and the teachers continue to marshal the great matters of debate; the new schools rise, with their new lights of instruction; and—because it is in the nature of things—nothing is determined finally. From the standpoint of one who has come out of the schools, the question arises whether there was need for another study of Kant, with whatever "high praise" it has been "received by the literary world of Germany," and whether or not such praise will "find

* "Immanuel Kant: A Study and a Comparison with Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Bruno, Plato and Descartes." By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Authorised translation from the German by Lord Redesdale. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

an echo" in this country, as Lord Redesdale hopes. But if such need existed, there is the further question whether it is filled by these volumes. They are not "an exhaustive treatise upon Kant's philosophy," but an attempt to make Kant known and loved as "a wonderful and an engaging personality," and it takes nearly one thousand pages to accomplish this task. Was it worth while? Moreover, they are concerned not with "the thoughts of the thinker," but with the way in which "he arrived at thinking those thoughts." Is this the method that we want?

Mr. Chamberlain has, of course, done much, and far better than his plan indicates. He has given us studies full of knowledge and insight on Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Descartes, Bruno, Plato, regarded as "seers" and compared at every point with that later seer who was Kant. As an investigation of agreements and differences, it is done with a master's skill. The philosopher of Königsberg himself is treated from the standpoint of science and religion, not of philosophy *per se*, which accounts for the fact that I have ventured to notice these volumes. Lord Redesdale explains that God is for Kant a moral necessity which exceeds comprehension, while, according to Chamberlain, the philosopher's Deity encompasses all other beings "as cause and as goal." He is, however, an indispensable idea of reason, to which Nature contributes no testimony and understanding no conception. The Divine Immanence is therefore not less beyond all reach than is the Divine Transcendence. God is neither theoretically capable of proof nor of being made even probable. He is in one sense "a subjective necessity," and in another "a point of view." In such a system there can be no room for Pascal's "God known of the heart," and none, as it is needless to say, for official, much less for ritual religion. The latter is described by Kant as a "mock-service of the Principle of Goodness."

Well, the little man of Königsberg, always very carefully dressed, has passed through his process of beatification in these pages, and, for all I know, his canonisation may follow hereafter, but he belongs to another hierarchy than that of the Dionysian records. It is affirmed that he "wrought a revolution in the method of thought analogous to that of Copernicus in physics"; but Copernicus is not the last word in physics, nor is Kant the ultimate in thought, more especially when it is directed to religion. I hold that the Mass-Book, understood as a symbolism of Divine Substance communicated to the soul, is worth a hundred times more than all that he wrote either on pure reason or on Christ and the Kingdom of God, in contradistinction to "the Kingdom of the priest"; and it is worth all the libraries of Kant exposition, Kant interpretation and Kant criticism heaped over and pouring from shelves to floor.

One word in conclusion from the book-making point of view—there was never a poorer index affixed to an important work. Its references are for the most part impertinent, a frivolous enumeration, in which the vital points of the text are nearly always missed.

A. E. WAITE.

A RANDOM SIX.

To read half a dozen novels selected more or less at random from a season's output is to have the conviction strengthened that the art of story-telling has attained to a remarkable level of average excellence in these days. Readers who recall the time when a new novel from the pen of George Eliot, of George Meredith, of Mr. Thomas Hardy, was an "event" may lament the absence of outstanding leaders, but they cannot fail to recognise that despite the fact that if the army of those who present life in terms of fiction is ever growing larger, it is also increasingly efficient. (One's thoughts inevitably run in these days to military figures.) If among the half-dozen stories assembled on my desk one or two are the work of recruits in that army, they are recruits who show themselves at once able to carry on in a thoroughly capable fashion, and therefore well worthy of the company with which they are here listed.

The very title of Mr. Jack London's book, "The Mutiny of the Elsinore"[1] is an invitation, and an invitation which is not likely to send those familiar with his earlier books seeking for the excuse of a "previous engagement." It is a story full of character and of colour, a story of strange peoples in strange circumstances, of storming winds and heaving seas, of mysterious happenings and thrilling incidents—and above all it is a story of vivid interest. As Mr. London has shown himself capable of recording his own experiences enveloped as it were with the glamorous haze of romance, so he has a knack of investing his romance with a sense of reality by a number of light and artful touches. Mr. Pathurst, who tells his own story, was a successful writer who went on board the sailing ship *Elsinore* to voyage from Baltimore to 'Frisco, and who very nearly abandoned the trip, so great was his annoyance at finding that the captain of the vessel "had taken his little daughter to bear him company." It was an extraordinary collection of people who manned the ship, from the mysteriously aloof and no less mysteriously capable captain, the mates—hunter and hunted—down through the variously undesirable gang of ship's hands who successively went overboard with a sack of coals at their feet or remained to play their parts in the fearful mutiny. The book is as good as anything that Mr. Jack London has given us—fascinating, absorbing.

If in Mr. Gerald Grogan's strange romance, "A Drop in Infinity,"[2] we have the work of a recruit in our army of novelists, it is one which reminds us that every soldier in that army "has a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack" and may win to high popularity. It might not seem likely that a story dealing with the mysteries of the "fourth dimension" should suggest popularity, and yet so ingeniously, with so simple a "take it or leave it" air of acceptance of the marvellous, is this story presented that the reader who gives himself up as a reader of fiction should finds himself engrossed in a new version of the Robinson Crusoe type of narrative. Here is no voyage and wreck on a lonely island, but merely a visit to a Cornish cave and then—hey presto!—thanks to the strange doings of "a poor Hubble Bubble" a translation to an uninhabited land in the fourth dimension, where the plesiosaurus may still be encountered. The poor Hubble Bubble—he cries out for depiction by the pencil of Mr. Heath Robinson—having found the way into that land determines to people it, and thus it is that John Thorpe and Marjorie Matthews are trepanned and have their strange experiences in a country reminiscent at once of the "desert island" of time-honoured romance and of "Prehistoric Peeps." The eerie impossibilities of it all are presented with the skill which convinces for a reading-while.

With Mr. Robert W. Service we are brought back to our ordinary three-dimensioned world and follow the fortunes of an American novelist who is tired of being a "best-seller," and yet on seeking to make a name anew finds himself a "best-seller" once again! "The Pretender"[3] is a wealthy man who elects to migrate to the Bohemia of artists. Whether he is philandering with ladies in New York—on the eve of deserting them; making acquaintance with a lady whose profession is the affording of feeding ground for the stock of an exhibitor of performing fleas; or "Bohemianising" in Paris, he is always engagingly entertaining. It is, indeed, a livelily amusing and occasionally pathetic story that Mr. Service has written in this narrative of a novelist who twice won to popularity; the blending of the actual with a dream towards the close may be ingenious, but most readers will justly resent it as at once inartistic and unreal.

A new book by the author of "Down Our Street" is sure of a welcome from readers with a liking for a natural story shot through with humour and sympathy and rich in mother-wit. Such readers may not find "Spray on the

[1] "The Mutiny of the Elsinore." By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

[2] "A Drop in Infinity." By Gerald Grogan. 6s. (John Lane.)

[3] "The Pretender: A Tale of the Latin Quarter." By Robert W. Service. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Windows "[4] as wholly delightful as some of its author's earlier books, but it will be only on the grounds that the better is the enemy of the good. If as a story there is over much of the conventional in this record of Ann Middleton's love affairs and marriage, there is yet so much of the writer's accustomed charm in the making of the record that the reader may well forgive the structural conventionalities for the sake of the rest. If the ghostly house and the jilted lover who bequeaths that house to the woman who had left him are not altogether convincing, the tenderness and humour of the whole are delightful.

"There's never more than one clever lad in a family, and his cleverness becomes a curse if he's afflicted with sentiment." Thus it is that the old Northumbrian engineer speaks of his whilom apprentice, Robert MacWhinnie, in Mr. Andrew Soutar's "Charity Corner."[5] Robert was the clever lad of the MacWhinnie family, and the whole family united to give him a chance. When he had prospered greatly from that chance it was expected that he should remember all that had been done for him. He did so, not always wisely but almost too well. Indeed, his family sentiment would have ruined his own life and that of the woman whom he loved had it not been for the action of a friend. It was a fine thing on his part, the shielding of his sister and the guarding of her memory, but the lie by which he did so and the consequent self-sacrifice did not concern himself alone. If, however, readers may disagree as to the extent to which he was justified, they are likely to be in agreement as to his being a fine type of the successful man and in recognising the very clever way in which Mr. Soutar has delineated the whole MacWhinnie family.

In the story to which Mr. Eric Leadbitter has given the curious title of "Rain Before Seven"[6] we also follow the making of a man's career, but the man is one of a very different character. We are introduced to Michael Lawson at the time of his birth, we watch him as he passes from babyhood to childhood, and are surprised to find that at the age of fourteen he howled at being told that he was to be sent to school. We follow him through his school life, and admit that, could he have foreseen all, the howling might have been justified; we see him in London carrying on musical work, flirting, suffering, and having a very mixed time of it generally, owing in no small degree to the weakness of his own character—until he attains to such a sun before eleven as the weather prophets promise by way of sequel to a day's inauspicious beginning. This is presumably a "first novel" and as such is of admirable promise.

WALTER JERROLD.

[4] "Spray on the Windows." By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)
[5] "Charity Corner." By Andrew Soutar. 6s. (Cassell.)
[6] "Rain Before Seven." By Eric Leadbitter. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH.*

It is, we fear, a bold hazard to publish so elaborate and voluminous a work as this story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition while the public mind and heart is so occupied and oppressed by the doings in France and Flanders. It is to be hoped that Mr. Heinemann will be justified of his daring; for anything which can actually relieve for a while the pressing burden of our anxieties is to be blessed, and nothing is more likely to realise that good aim than this well-written, finely-illustrated record of the adventurous enterprise and heroism of Sir Douglas Mawson and his colleagues in the far, lone world, down south. The Empire in these times owes a great and splendid debt to Australasia, and no small part of that debt is due to the pluck, grit and scientific spirit which organised, launched and carried to successful completion this expedition.

The Australasian Antarctic Expedition was one of the most hard-working and useful ever sent to "the stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole." There was no waste of effort or time. The extraordinary preparations in physical and scientific equipment essential to such enterprises were full and complete. The programme of work to be done was ambitious. Almost every man had his special

* "The Home of the Blizzard: Being the Story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911–1914." By Sir Douglas Mawson, D.Sc., B.E. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White. Also with Maps. 2 Vols. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)

Photo: Hurley.

Cruising along the west coast of Macquarie Island.

From "The Home of the Blizzard" (Heinemann).

scientific job: there were no "domestic servants" with the expedition. Men of science, whose functions were to study the stars, or the magnetic phenomena, or the geology, meteorology, and what not, of those ice-bound, wind-fraught regions, had to take their turns in the mystic provision of puddings and the lesser glories of the kitchen.

The good ship *Aurora*, which had belonged to the Newfoundland sealing-fleet, and was built for encountering ice, sailed south from Tasmania in December, 1911. She stopped at Macquarie Island to leave the men and means for establishing a wireless station, and then proceeded to Adelie Land (where the penguins come from). The main party settled there, and, served with that luck which has played so fortunate—aye, and, alas, so tragical—a part in polar history, got snug just in time. Almost within hours of the completion of the hut the snow came down and buried it. A small party of eight, under Frank Wild, "the oldest resident of Antarctica," went on to even more exacting conditions in Queen Mary Land. (One of the first things Wild did was to arrange a golf course.) While these separate parties were at work, realising results of profound importance to science, the *Aurora* herself was engaged in deep-sea dredging; so that for more than two years the efforts of the expedition were widely distributed and fully occupied.

To men of science, doubtless, the scientific results must first appeal; but to the rank and file of us, how vastly more important in these records of devotion and endeavour against the primitive forces of nature, are the human aspects—the pluck, comradeship, unselfishness, cheeriness—of the tale. There could be nothing more admirable than the courage of these men who shut themselves up in the land of white loneliness and terrible wind so as to search for the truths of nature. The bitterness of working among ice and snow, with a temperature far below zero, is an old story more staled than it should be; but the special trouble of Adelie Land was new: it was the wind, the blizzard, which blew with such extraordinary force and fury that had Dante known of it he would surely have included it among the punishments of the lower circles of his Inferno. The average force of the wind endured during the first year of the expedition was fifty miles an hour, compared with an average of ten in England; its gusts were so violent that sometimes they exceeded a hundred miles an hour. A box weighing three hundredweight was blown away, and a man was hurled twenty feet, clean over another man's head. These instances can give but a feeble idea of the actualities to be endured in "the windiest spot in the world." It speaks wonders for the sporting spirit and prudence of the explorers that except for the one tragic incident, terrible enough, which attended Mawson's journey with Ninnis and Mertz, there was no mishap to mar the record of the wonderful adventure. Yet that one exception was significant; it points the miracle that there were no more deaths; for it was a constant occurrence for a traveller to fall suddenly into a hidden crevasse; and how so many passed unscathed through those violent experiences, when there was nothing between them and death but a strap, makes one pause. There must be a Providence that shapes the paths of the explorers and guides their feet among the dangers. One of the most terrible journeys ever experienced in antarctic or arctic regions was that accomplished by Sir Douglas Mawson, after he had lost his two companions and come, through stress and starvation, quite close to death. Happily he won through, and deserves all the appreciation his countrymen in the empire can give him and his companions for a very fine enterprise.

It is possible that their great achievements may to some extent be overshadowed and hidden through comparison with that ultimate immortal adventure of Captain Scott. Such should not be, for while there was nothing in Dr. Mawson's story so profoundly moving and magnetic as the failure and victory of Scott, with Oates, Wilson, Bowers and Evans, there were in both adventures precisely the same great qualities of heart, personality and mind which have made the British peoples second to none in the earth.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

INDIA'S FIGHTERS.*

Most opportune and welcome is the appearance of such a useful handbook as "India's Fighters: their Mettle, History, and Services to Britain." In this perspicuous and perspicacious volume Mr. Stuart Nihal Singh tells the man in the street just what he wants to know about the dusky warriors who for the first time in the history of the Raj are fighting for England and the King-Emperor on European soil. Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the organisation of the native Indian Army, of the British Army in India, and of the troops commanded by the various native princes who are allies or feudatories of the Emperor, cannot do better than purchase and peruse Mr. Singh's admirable account of our Gurkha, Pathan, Sikh and Rajput fellow-subjects. When it is taken into account that the author—as is only natural in the case of an Indian—obviously resents the Anglo-Indian prejudices and conventions which forbid natives to command the guns or to receive real commissions, it must be admitted that Mr. Singh writes with a loyalty and a moderation that cannot be too highly commended. This is what he says of the average recruit:

"Generally speaking, the recruits come from the land-owning and farming classes. Men from the same family or tribe, and from the same locality, find their way into the same regiment or those linked up together. . . . To take advantage of the strongly-marked gregarious instinct of the Indian peoples, and to give full scope to it, the regiments are formed on the principle of 'class companies,' that is to say, the men in a company all profess the same religion, frequently come from the same district, and are related to one another, or belong to the same caste, and all have common fighting traditions. The various bonds of union conduce to *esprit de corps* in the company, and by reducing the prejudices in the matter of food, etc., to one common level, make its management easier. . . . In some cases the entire regiment is composed of a single class of men. This is especially true of the Gurkha, Brahman, and some Sikh regiments. The advantages of such an organisation are counterbalanced by the fact that in cases of mutiny this kind of regiment would be far more dangerous than one with mixed nationalities. For this reason there is a strong disposition on the part of the military authorities to make the company, but not the regiment, homogeneous. In fact, the present policy seems to be to combine in one regiment companies of different people more or less antagonistic to one another."

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.†

Good as "Shallows" was, in "The Voice of the Turtle" Mr. Frederick Watson has given us something better. It was rather a daring thing to begin what promises to be a charming love romance in the consulting-room of a physician, who presently operates on both the heroine and the possible hero for appendicitis. But that is part of the piquancy of the story; so much of its romance is fashioned out of the common realities of everyday life. Whether it was quite kind of Mr. Watson to bring together in that grim consulting room so delightful and lovable a girl as Meg Floss and so quaintly humorous, pleasantly cynical, thoroughly likeable a young man as Tony Danglehurst; to make Tony quite in love with her, and her more than half in love with Tony, and then to let a less brilliant, more commonplace lover come in and carry off the prize, is a matter we shall leave the reader to decide for himself. It may not be the way that fiction usually goes, but it is the way that life goes; and it is good, even in fiction, that the expected should not always happen.

But it is the humour of the book and the cleverness of its characterisation that have pleased us more than all. Mrs. Floss, with her suburban ambitions and little social jealousies, is an admirable sketch; a subtler, more finished study is Martin Floss, her husband, absorbed in business and the mysteries of finance, so keen on piling up wealth that

* "India's Fighters." By Stuart Nihal Singh. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

† "The Voice of the Turtle." By Frederick Watson. 6s. (Methuen.)

he leaves himself no leisure to enjoy it—his natural sensibilities blunted in the squalid struggle, he grows indifferent to his wife and forgets his love of his daughter, till the peril that faces Meg in that operation for appendicitis shocks him out of his petty preoccupations and revivifies his love for her to such a passion of tenderness and remorse that other old feelings also reawaken in him, and he is drawn into an unpractical endeavour to find his way back to something of the quieter, happier life he had dreamed of in his lost youth. Of course, he is only partly successful, but it is a great and glamorous adventure. He takes a romantic, haunted old family mansion and removes with his wife and Meg into the country, and the men and women of that country parish, and the humour and pathos and the trivial interests of their narrow lives are pictured vividly and with uncommon skill. Not the least memorable in Mr. Watson's varied and ably-drawn gallery of characters are the two old maids, Miss Tanfield, and Miss Peacock. Miss Tanfield is Meg's governess, patient, submissive, faded, and that is a poignant moment when, in the presence of Meg's beauty and abounding youth, she is overwhelmed by the feeling that "we have just one life after all," and the best things of it have passed her by. The same significant note is struck again when the older spinster, Miss Peacock, the great lady of the district, looking back over her seventy-four years of lonely comfort feels that somehow she has "missed the meaning of existence." Through the gaiety of the narrative runs this suggestion that the wise way is the way of happiness, and life is open to any who is brave enough to live it.

With all its shrewd satire of the follies and foibles of our town and country humanity, "The Voice of the Turtle" catches the essential spirit of romance that survives at the heart of even our modern strenuous, hurried life, and tells a tale that is full of interest, touched here and there with sentiment and pathos, and pervaded everywhere by a quaint and genial humour. A well-written book that you may enjoy both for its style and its story.

FROM THE BOTTOM UP.*

This autobiography received a considerable amount of attention in 1910 when another publisher imported some copies from America. As the writer of "My Lady of the Chimney Corner" Mr. Irvine is sure of an expectant audience even in these days, and we shall be surprised if this thrilling record of moral and physical courage and endurance does not circulate very widely. If life at its best is a chain of rich incident and not a colourless existence, then assuredly Irvine has lived, and he is the man (as Mr. Holbrook Jackson once said) who, as author, should take precedence over the mere bookworms. Irvine's story is an epic of effort. It opens with the fight against personal physical hunger, and it closes (in this book) on a note of implacable hostility to the "obscene empires of Mammon and Belial." Starting life as a newspaper seller, he became a farmer's hand and had a vision in a potato field of his future life-work which was confirmed by his success in reclaiming notorious drunkards in the village temperance society. In Scotland as a coal-miner he came under the influence of Henry Drummond, whose intelligent sympathy was once again richly rewarded. Unemployment forced Irvine into the army, and by an accident he drifted into the navy, where on his ship he established a reputation for muscular Christianity. In 1888 he arrived in New York and continued his life-work of redeeming the lost on the very lowest rungs of the ladder of life. Working for the moral and temporal good of the flotsam and jetsam of society in cheap lodging houses, Irvine saw life in its most degrading aspects. Even Sir Walter Besant confessed to Irvine, after a tour of inspection, that he had never seen anything, in the underworld of London, quite so bestial, so debauched and so low. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Irvine is a Socialist, and if you ask which particlar label we are to attach to him, let him answer in his own words given in reply to a wealthy enquirer. "Catalogue me with the worst, for he who numbers himself with the transgressors is in direct Apostolic succession." A desire to criticise his views is silenced in witnessing the power of a high ideal, and there is a note of triumphant conviction in the closing chapter which even a reviewer finds contagious.

"The inventions of the last twenty years," writes Mr. Irvine, "are modern miracles, but the sunken millions of our fellowmen never speak through a telephone, never ride in an automobile, never send a telegram, never read good books, or see good plays! They make all these things. They make them all possible for others, but the enjoyment of them is beyond their wildest dreams."

It is natural that Mr. Irvine has many a good story to tell. Not the least amusing relates to the days on board a man-of-war, when Irvine boxed the ship's bully, and to the accompaniment of each shrewd blow ejaculated, "Take that in the name of Hosea," and "bedad that's for Joel"; and so on throughout the twelve minor prophets. That the powers of darkness will always meet their match in Mr. Irvine is made abundantly clear in his autobiography.

* "From The Bottom Up." By Alexander Irvine. (Eveleigh Nash.) 3s. 6d. net.

COLUMBINE.*

The three books into which Miss Meynell has divided her novel bear the names of three flowers—Columbine, Passion-Flower and Celandine. The primary application doubtless, is, to her heroine's characteristics; somehow there is a certain significance in this choice of flowers, as interpretative of human emotions. For some artists human beings are animals of curious growth, almost as inarticulate—their civilisation a trick, their deliberate code of manners an artifice.. For the great artists man is something unique, an image of God, a being linked to the animal world by his past and by human pity, and yet incomparably separated and distinct. For others there is a connection between man and that wider, softer life of the great kingdom of trees and flowers and grasses. I feel Miss Meynell has a view of human life which makes her see it *sub specie floris*. It is not the fragility, nor the transience of flower life which chiefly makes it suitable as a parallel; it is its rootedness, its sense of definite attachment, its incurable loss that follows from plucking. This view fosters an art which, while it is not great nor, I think, the truest, yet has a beauty of pathos which is welcome after headier and less attractive splendours.

In "Columbine" Miss Meynell gives a wonderfully complete picture of the clinging girl. That Lily would charm many men her creator would not claim for her. She has not, this poor little thing, with her shrill platitudes and prettily angular conventions, any charm which is not almost exclusively either feminine or traditional. She is helpless in that strictly limited way to which years of careful education have reduced the middle-class girl. She is competent with the absorbing competence of the narrow-minded. Her whole attitude to life is but a series of gestures—just a few gestures—a kind of pathetic stretching out of the arms, and then, if rebuffed, a movement of scorn, in which scorn is really overshadowed by disappointment. That is her way with Dixon Parish. Of Dixon it is more difficult to speak. Some readers may complain of the dulness of him, and of the dulness of his home—with the exception of his sister. There is a confident serenity about the Parishes, a certainty that they set the standard for others, which is maddening for less well-regulated minds. It maddens, in a feeble way, poor Lily. She only knows she is bored by Dixon's people. And yet Dixon goes on taking her home, with the solemn ineptitude of the amateur amorist. Then his idyll is disturbed. Dixon has a passionate sister, a girl of dark moods and unawakened affections. Partly through juxtaposition with her, and partly through the dim cry of romance, which calls even

* "Columbine." By Viola Meynell. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

the most cultivated in their youth, Dixon finds himself falling in love with Jennifer, his father's secretary. Jennifer loves him; and Lily is rebuffed, while Dixon experiences love. But he has no heart big enough for passion. He has only that odd desire for a comforting domesticity which serves weak men for love. He cannot bear Jennifer's attempts to share his interests. He is frightened of the depth of passion she reveals. And she, victim of temperament, finds to her dismay that other men notice and appreciate in her the qualities from which Dixon shrinks. So Passion-Flower withers up and Lily comes back, and begins once more to cling, and to clutch and to choke. . . .

"Columbine" is written in a lower key than "Modern Lovers"; but it is a better book, a more considered effort to portray character. It has all the power of observation and all the skill in phrasing which have always marked Miss Meynell's work. Some of the dialogue, especially that of Lily Peake and her friends, is almost painful in its realism; and yet it has always received that transmuting touch which separates art from mere observation. This is not quite so true about all the characters. I feel Miss Meynell has observed Jennifer with astonishing accuracy; but in expressing her has not quite used her observation to the fullest. Or is it that to see people as flowers inevitably leads to a certain over-decorative method, a method too flat for anyone so essentially vivid and exciting as Jennifer?

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Novel Notes.

THE MYSTERY OF ENID BELAIRS. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One opens a new novel by Mr. David Whitelaw in the safe expectation of finding it not merely a readable story, but a story embodying a strange and striking situation, and "The Mystery of Enid Belairs" justifies one's most sanguine anticipations. With Mr. Whitelaw, the big situation counts more than the personal fascination of the hero and heroine. True, he does not neglect to endow these important people with appropriate charms, but the plot does not hang on trifles like these. The big situation of the present novel can be suggested in a few words. Picture a young man newly and happily married, and imagine his feelings on learning, from a chance word dropped in the first days of the honeymoon, that his wife is none other than the girl who is "wanted" in connection with a notorious murder, and whose whereabout at that very moment baffles the police of two continents. Know, moreover, that the pretty young bride is blissfully unconscious of the charge hanging over her head, and is wholly unfitted to endure the publicity of a murder trial, and you will appreciate the nature of the bombshell that shatters Duncan Brailsford's honeymoon. Duncan contrives to keep Nora, his wife, hidden in the wilds of Scotland while he attempts to solve the murder mystery. The evidence looks black against Nora. Agnes Costello, the murdered woman, was a well-known actress, and Nora was her understudy. On the night when the poison was administered, Nora appeared in her place suffering badly from nerves, and the next morning vanished, leaving behind in her room among her soiled linen a packet of poison. Duncan Brailsford's quest for the murderer of Agnes Costello is a most hazardous one, and the solution of the mystery is ingeniously cloaked until the final chapters, when the extreme neatness of the plot becomes apparent to the hitherto unsuspecting reader.

DELIA BLANCHFLOWER. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Ward Lock & Co.)

In her new book "Delia Blanchflower," Mrs. Humphry Ward gives us the hackneyed theme of romance between a guardian and his ward, clothed in an atmosphere of Woman's Suffrage. An age-old story in a new setting. We look for a greater book than this from a writer of Mrs. Humphry Ward's attainments. The story undoubtedly gives a wide outlook on the question of the enfranchisement of women, but the chief characters, Delia and Mark Winnington, her guardian, are conventional figures who continually do what one expects them to do. Various troubles, and chiefly Delia's views on Woman's Suffrage keep them apart, until in the last few pages they marry and live happily ever afterwards. That they should inevitably do this was settled in the first chapter; there was no possible escape. Given a beautiful, headstrong girl, and a fairly young guardian, "tall and capable of charming any woman," what else would you expect? Through the pages filters the character of one type of Militant Suffragette, the fanatic evolved from an unbalanced brain and a disappointment in love, who in burning an historic mansion ends her own life. And there is Miss Dempsey, a woman so charming, so ably revealing herself in a few lines that we long to know more of her. The tall old woman who loved those whom no one else would love—the meanest and feeblest of the outcast race. Every night her door stood on the latch, and as the years went by thousands knew it. "Scarcely a week went by but someone did not lift that latch." The drawing of this character alone gives us a glimpse of the real art of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

THE GREAT WHITE ARMY. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is a good and stirring romance, a fine and moving story of the retreat of Napoleon's Grand Army. Léon, the nephew of de Constant, is a vigorously-sketched type of the soldier of those times, keen on war, and almost keener in amorous adventure. There are enough adventures in all conscience in the book, so many that one becomes almost bewildered by them. The meteoric heroine, Valerie St. Antoine, with whom Léon is longest in love, is a French girl, expatriated to Russia in her youth, and discovered by Janil de Constant in the first chapter, during the sack of Moscow by the convicts released on the approach of the French army. One is left wondering in the end how Valerie will disport herself when she wins back, with the shattered army, to France. One cannot help feeling that this story, interesting as it undoubtedly is, might have been really great had Mr. Pemberton exercised a wise restraint, and devoted a little more time to finish. It will, however, be voted "great" by the numerous readers and admirers of this popular writer, and deserves to be.

JOKING APART. By the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Here is another visit from Martha, who arrived last year, something as a surprise, and made herself so much at home and so much a favourite that we are positively delighted to welcome her again. She is so bright, so candid, so sharp, so wise, so nonsensical, so perceiving, so down on humbug, so good humoured, so restrained, so inconsequent, so balanced, so human and humane that she will have a permanent seat in our chimney corner and nobody else shall have it. It must be kept for her and her alone. One of the wonderful things about her is her evenness: she is never jerky, and always fresh. And sometimes she picks out her nail and hits it squarely on the head and drives it fast home, with such workmanly strokes that you feel it will never start again. Mrs. Dowdall is a true humourist. The letters of Georgina Brown, describing the experiences of an artist who goes to stay with a business magnate in a provincial town, in order to paint the family portraits, are full of a quiet level-eyed satire that is both understanding and sympathetic. It is a tempting book to quote

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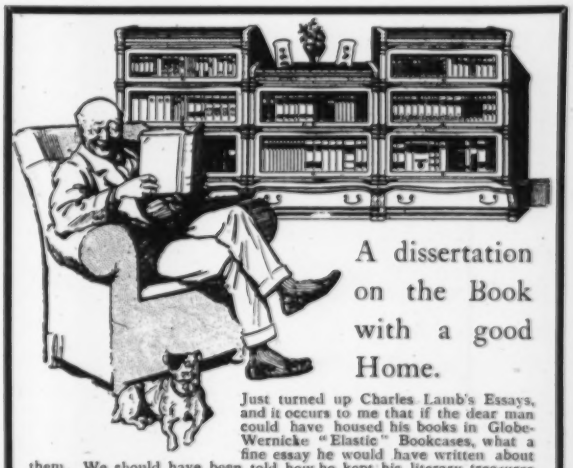

A dissertation on the Book with a good Home.

Just turned up Charles Lamb's Essays, and it occurs to me that if the dear man could have housed his books in Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases, what a fine essay he would have written about them. We should have been told how he kept his literary treasures free from dust and tarnish: how he could put his hand on any favourite at once; how there was neatness and orderly arrangement; how he could have a bookcase by his bedside, or in any fancied corner or room; and how he could add to it as required, unit by unit. Oh yes, we should have been greatly charmed by Lamb's essays on the

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from, but that is unnecessary, as it is a book that everyone absolutely must read, or lose a great pleasure. No one could refrain from delighting in Martha's comments on naughtiness, on the household business of every day, on the manners and morals of her dear friends, and in the absolutely entertaining marginal illustrations which give ludicrous point to the text.

DREGS. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This book is thrilling with an insistent tragedy that carries one to the end. Felix Lancaster, the hero, is always living and unconquered; though many times he deliberately choses evil courses. He is insolent and intolerant; the opening chapter makes one feel mad, portraying so well as it does an attitude and action typically English in the worst sense of the word. The book tells once more the story of how a man goes into the wilds to seek adventure and wealth, and thereby all but loses his own soul. This wild life is well described with its lack of dignity and beauty; and yet even here is a woman, a true heroine who understands much and loves more. The hero acts always consistently, with a real dignity, often accompanied with an insolence which is usually pardoned. There are only five characters of much importance, the rest are mere background figures. The Dean, who brings up Felix, a good, tolerant man who refuses to judge; Pamela who was in love with him, but finds her happiness elsewhere; the Count who tries to play the part of Providence and does not quite fail; and Hatty through whom finally Felix is able to realise himself.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ORCHARD PAVILION. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

There is about this volume, as is usual with Mr. A. C. Benson, a wistful air of serious academic culture (not *Kultur*). It is short but genuinely refreshing and was well worth publishing; for it deals with eternal problems, which we shall all have to face once more; for as the author says:

"We may thankfully believe, too, that man's business is, after all, the business of peace, and that the great cruel profitless business of war binding its burden so heavily on the weak and innocent—must, by the very nature of things, be but an interruption to the normal course of the world—for the simple reason that man must live and earn his livelihood, while war is a pure waste both of life and sustenance."

The volume consists of two discussions held after an interval of nearly thirty years, by three University men. These men realise their responsibility and recognise that it is good to be alive, they are free from the sordid cares which are an inevitable part of the life of so many, but their characters lack that robustness which often comes from contact with the harsher parts of life. They have succeeded, neither of them has thrown over his early creed, though to only one, the Christian priest, has his belief given real satisfaction. The man to whom beauty was the supreme good had made no converts and recognised that he had added nothing to the beauty or the welfare of the world. The great K.C. had been held too often by the pitiless grasp of mean issues and yet longed for the nobility in which he still believed.

This volume, including the preface, should be read by all who realise that thinking is a necessary part of life.

A PLAYMATE OF PHILIP II. By Lady Moreton. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

There are certainly, for people who are interested in the lives and histories of the past, some moments and periods that have peculiar fascination. Among these a high place must be assigned to the great days of Spain when she was supreme in Europe and the great power in America, the time of the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip II. who touched England very nearly at the end of the sixteenth century. Lady Moreton has given us a sketch of a man who was a very notable figure in Spain during this period, a great noble, a page and playfellow of King Philip, married at fifteen to Donna Luisa, a lady of thirty, who was an exemplary wife and became one of Spain's most famous saints. Don Martin of Aragon, Duke of Villahermosa, well known though he was in Flanders and in Spain, has not been the subject of any previous memoir, and Lady Moreton's work is indeed less a definite biography than a glimpse of Spanish noble life in the sixteenth century. This is what gives the book its interest, for it cannot be expected that many readers will be greatly stirred by the tale of Don Martin. His wife is by far the more delightful, real living person. There is one thing, however, that gives him a supreme title to claim remembrance. It appears that a study of the journey of Sancho Panza and Don Quixote along the western bank of the Ebro must lead to the conclusion that Pedrola or Bonovia was the original of the palace of the Duke and Duchess who made Sancho governor of his famous island, which has been identified in one of the surrounding villages. It has been argued, and well argued, that Cervantes visited Aragon and probably in Don Martin found the original of the dignified and pleasant Duke of his great romance. The volume is excellently illustrated with portraits and other embellishments, and is very readable, while making a special appeal to all who have felt the glamour of a marvellously coloured and vivid epoch in European life.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

We have no caricaturist living with whom Mr. Will Dyson can be compared. Others may perhaps equal him in the brilliancy of his draughtsmanship, but his style is peculiarly and strikingly his own, and he brings to his work a passionate earnestness, puts into it a sardonic humour, a searing scorn against the meannesses, humbug, hypocrisies, injustices, cruelties of our modern social system beside which the clever and amusing sketches of most of our other caricaturists seem tame and merely playful. The collection of twenty large drawings in his **Kultur Cartoons** (2s. net), satirises vigorously and with amazingly illuminating touches the crass stupidity, the vulgarity, brutality, and swaggering absurdity of German militarism. You see in his vivid series how the German Professor collaborates with the half-gorilla that was prehistoric man; how the wonders of science culminate in two apes in an aeroplane dropping bombs to destroy the cities of the civilised world; how the blustering warrior sends Culture to fetch his boots for him; how the spirit of Civilisation is set to accommodate her march to the foolish goose-step of the German conscript. Mr. Dyson has imagination as well as a most mordant humour; he cuts clean through the shows of things to the heart of them, and makes you realise, in these drawings, that if German *kultur* is ridiculous enough for laughter it is also petty enough and loathsome enough for contempt and detestation. Mr. H. G. Wells contributes a very appreciative foreword to the book.

MESSRS. PUTNAMS.

My Heart's Right There, by Florence L. Barclay (1s. net), is a topical little story dealing with the suspense, the sorrow and joy of a soldier's wife, and should be popular among those whose men are at the front, for "Polly" is typical of a number of women who, at the present time, are anxiously waiting at home for the tardy news. The sentiment is rather overdrawn, and there is nothing very new, but readers will sympathise with Polly and Jim in the sacrifices they are forced to make, especially those with some inside knowledge of the terrible mental anguish entailed by the war. It tells of a reservist who, at the call of duty, is obliged to leave his young wife and baby-girl to go out and fight, and it shows how, during the dreadful weeks of crushing anxiety, her courage at home is not less than his on the field. Full of glowing patriotism, it is hoped it will cheer and comfort those soldiers' wives into whose hands it falls.

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Mr. Noel Fleming's **Killed in Action, and other War Stories** (1s. net) is an admirable collection of seven poignant tales of the present war. They are written with considerable skill in the handling of dramatic incident; there is no lack of life and movement and thrilling situations. The characters are well realised, and the pathos of the stories—for war is as inseparable from sorrow as from heroism—is unforced and effective. A little book that is well worth reading.

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